The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIII. CENTRE HALL. PA., THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 4, 1890. NO. 34

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, - - EDITOR

Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
COL. J. L. SPANGLER,
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Senate,
HON. P. GRAY MEEK.
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Sheriff,
WILLIAM A. ISHLER.

For Treasurer,
JAMES J. GRAMLEY.

For Assembly,
HON. J. H. HOLT,
JOHN T. McCORMICK.

For Register,
JOHN RUPP.

For Recorder,
W. GALER MORRISON.

For Commissioners,
T. FRANK ADAMS,
G. L. GOODHART.

For Auditors,
J. B. MITCHELL,
SAMUEL KLINE.

Jimmy Fiedler's $900 fabrication is about as straight as his tracks through Bishop Street.

Guyer Mattern will know what's the matter, next fall, when a certain other one gets Holt of him.

If you are a friend of the soldier, vote for William Ishler for Sheriff who served during the late war and was a brave soldier.

The chap who couldn't walk straight at Sunbury shouldn't make false charges of crookedness against honest Will Ishler.

After looking up the matter we find that the Rush township Republican county ticket is not making any thing like a racket out in that part of Canaan. A thing that is top heavy invariably goes down head foremost.

T. P. Rynder, of Milesburg, Centre county announces himself as an independent candidate for State Senator.

Guess he intends running against brother Leonard, they are evenly matched in political standing.

The Republican managers are willing to trade off every name on their county ticket in order to defeat Ishler and elect Wolfe Sheriff. Democrats will see the importance of standing by Mr. Ishler, the hardworking farmer, soldier and one of the best of Democrats.

Acting upon the suggestions made in last week's REPORTER we are pleased to learn that an effort will be made to have Fietta Weaver pardoned. The public in general endorse the sentiments expressed by us in this case, and Mrs. Weaver may soon be a free woman again.

The story put out that Wm. Ishler paid $900 dollars to secure the nomination is a bold falsehood manufactured by the grog-shop trotter of the Gazette. Two things prove its falsity, viz: Wm. Isnler is not that kind of man, and again Wm. Ishler never had $900 to give away.

This story is as crooked as the author's tracks at Sunbury. It needs no further contradiction—it comes from Fiedler.

Public opinion should be pronounced in the case of a father and son named Rice, who conjointly edit a Republican paper in Fort Scott, but who at present are opposing candidates for the Kansas Legislature, the son as a Republican and the father as an Independent. As a straight out party organ their journal supports the son, but any man with the least sense of reverence in him would tell that youth to get out and give the old man a show.

A prominent granger tells us the Wrothy Master of the State grange only learned at Williamsgrove that he did not carry that respectable order in his vest pocket at all—not even to the extent of a single vote. This could have been learned from the columns of the REPORTER long ago, and that his following was confined to only that especial friend of the farmer, an oats operator, two or three middle-men and the vile *Gazette*, all outside of the grange. Strange company for a granger.

They are Moving.

A leading Republican of Chester county, Mr. Alfred Sharpless, is authority for the statement that in that county "the names of 700 Chester county Republicans have been listed who will positively vote for Governor Pattison." And the work is still going on in that county. An independent Republican league has been organized in Warren pledged to resist boss dictation which numbers 200 of the 450 Republican voters of the borough, and organizations on the same basis are being formed in every township of the county.

The Farmers' League of Indiana county, composed largely of Republicans, has adopted a set of questions to be submitted to the consideration of candidates of both political parties, Among them is the following: "Will you do all in your power to defeat caucus rule and to defeat the will of M. S. Quay in electing J. D. Cameron or any corporation lawyer for United States senator?" The other questions request of candidates to state whether or not they will enforce the constitution against corporations; do all they can to advance farmers' and laborers' interests; establish an equitable system of taxation; work for the Australian system of voting; let bribery and intimidation be dealt with as treason, and do all in their power to reduce high official salaries and to abolish the store-order system. It will be queer indeed if the Farmers' League of Indiana county doesn't give Governor Pattison a solid support.

Evidences of Republican activity against Delamater and Quay come from many counties of the State, and in a few days the independent say plans of effective organization covering the Commonwealth will be determined on and put into execution. This should encourage Democrats, but they must not lose sight of the fact they have a great work before them. Of course they can labor more effectively with the reasonable assurance of success. and that we take it, they have Robert E. Pattison will be next governor of Pennsylvania. That is the logic of the situation at this time, and it is a Democratic duty to confirm and strengthen it.

Sherman Falls into Line.

In the senate on Monday Senator Sherman presented the following which he said he would offer as an amendment to the McKinley tariff bill at the proper time:

That whenever it shall be certified to the president of the United States that the government of the Dominion of Canada shall by law or regulation, admit free of duty into all its ports coal mined in the United States he shall make proclamation of that fact, and thereafter, while such law or regulation is in force, coal mined in the Dominion of Canada shall be admitted free of duty into all the ports of United States. And whenever it shall be duly certified to the president of the United states that the government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as will result in the complete or partial removal of duties upon trade between Canada and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners, to meet those who may be designated to represent the government of Canada, to consider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States and to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can best be secured, and said commissioners shall report to the president, who shall lay the report before congress.

It is very evident that Senator Sherman's purpose is to head off Secretary Blaine, for his reciprocity scheme is more sweeping in its character than that proposed by the secretary of state. Next we shall hear of some prominent republican demanding absolute free trade between this and all the civilized countries on the known globe.

The Pope is healthy and vigorous to a remarkable degree considering his advanced age. His Holiness, however, seems to be much worried because of the steady diminution of the "Peter's Pence" contributions. The amount of these voluntary offerings being a species of barometer, indicating the condition of the Church universal at any given time the marked falling off now exhibited does not fail to receive the anxious attention of the head of the Church.

His advisers endeavor to account for the situation on the theory of the poverty of the masses rather than on that of their diminishing zeal for the welfare of the Pontiff, but this explanation affords but cold comfort.

The decrease of revenue has become so marked that his Holiness has found it necessary to withdraw certain investments in order to meet the expenses of maintaining the establishments whose cost has heretofore been defrayed out of the "Peter's Pence."

The Rush township county ticket is not like the itch—it arent catchey.

The Southern Alliances.

The Republican papers are claiming that by the inroads made on the Southern Democratic vote by the Farmers' alliance there will be a falling off in Democratic congressmen from the South, to the great advantage of Republicans in organizing the next congress. This is rather a surface view, nor does it take in the North says the Pittsburg *Post*. If it operates against the interests of the majority party at the South, will it not operate the same way at the North? In the Western States, and even in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the alliance is nominating candidates for congress who have been indorsed by the Democrats. It is likely some of them will be elected in Republican districts. The fact is a two-edged sword, and promises to cut every way. After election we will only be able to tell which of the two great parties is hardest hit. It claims it will hold the balance of power in the next congress.

But it is to be observed that, with one important exception the alliance is much more in harmony with Democratic sentiment than Republican; hence in some of the Southern States it has controlled the nominations of Democratic conventions. In the South the alliance is dead against the force bill, and equally pronounced for tariff reform. In the North, and notably in all States west of Pennsylvania, the alliance takes the Democratic position on the tariff, and we do not hear that it has declared itself one way or the other on the force bill.

On one question, however, the Democratic party can have no lot or part with the alliance, and that is its ridiculous sub-treasury scheme, which proposes that the government shall provide warehouses for storing the least perishable products of the farm and shall issue to the owners certificates, which certificates shall be available for currency. This is the substance of the resolution adopted at the meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance in St. Louis last winter, and at North "taking card." But we have little idea the project will survive the snows of another year. It is an outcropping of paternal notions of government, embodied in the proposed sugar and silk bounties of the McKinley bill, and other schemes of meddle and muddle that propose to centralize all powers in the Federal government.

In the senate Tuesday morning Mr. Sawyer, from the postoffice committee, reported the house anti-lottery bill, and notice that he would ask for its consideration as soon as the tariff bill was passed.

The tariff bill was the taken up and the sugar schedule was considered. Mr. Carlisle gave notice that he would move to strike out all the paragraphs relating to bounties.

Mr. Hale offered the reciprocity amendment of which he gave notice last June, and spoke in support of it. Discussion of reciprocity, he said, had resulted in grave and pertinent suggestions from eminent men of the country during the last thirty years. Whoever had seen the gradual falling off of American trade with Central and South America and the islands of the sea must have witnessed those conditions with the greatest impatience. The people of all those countries had a common interest with the people of the United States.

This is slowly coming around to the Democratic idea,

Hon. Charles S. Wolfe has sent a letter to Chairman Stevens of the Prohibition committee, in which he says the attitude of the great body of christians on the prohibition question has completely disgusted him, and he does not propose to waste his time and energy in a prohibition campaign with no hope of success. He says he feels it to be his duty to support Pattison and Black, and he earnestly desires the defeat of the Republican party.

The Vermont election was held on Monday and shows nothing to rejoice over for the Republicans in the blue-stocking state The returns thus far received indicate not only that the republican vote is very light, but that the ticket has been cut. The decrease in the democratic vote is not nearly as large correspondingly this year as that of the republicans. The prohition vote remains about the same so far.

No friend of the soldier can consistently go back on Wm. Ishler. He was a true soldier, and served his county well.

No farmer can consistently vote against Wm. Ishler, he is a farmer of intelligence and spotless reputation. Wm. Ishler is just such a gentleman as any good citizen can support and have a good conscience for it. Put farmer Ishler into the Sheriff's office by a big majority.

Holt and McCormick will receive a good vote in November. They deserve it—upright in every thing; siding with the masses in all their needs, and being of the masses, they can be relied upon as true to the public interests.

Local Briefs

—THE REPORTER for the campaign 20 cents cash, only.

—Jas. Lingle, of our town is quite ill, he has passed the 80s.

—The Jonathan Spangler farm, in Miles twp., is advertised for sale in another column.

—The grangers are busy on their new fair ground. The committee are busy as bees to get all in trim for the picnic.

—The elegant new shoe store, of M Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all age and sexes.

—These two items from the Bellefonte *News*, are referred to John Wanamaker and Gov. Beaver:

—Attend church and Sunday school to-morrow.

—Are you going to take in Rogers' circus next week?

—Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired,

—An effort is being made by the state board of health to abolish public funerals, especially in instance of contagious diseases. It is claimed that the germs arising from the body circulate the malady and cause epidemics. Ministers are solicited by a circular to give the matter their assistance.

—Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods, which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

—The ink contract at thirty cents a gallon awarded by the Cincinnati school board shows how great a profit there is in selling ink at retail. The ordinary price is five cents for a little bottle holding less than a gill, and any school-boy or girl can easly figure up about how much a gallon of ink would cost at that rate.

—Lewins is piling up sprin clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfectfits guaranteed.

—Several Penn township farmers last week went under the financial ban, we were sorry to learn, as they were always considered worthy. Judgments up to near $20,000 in the one case, some $7000 in another and; a smaller amount in another went up on the docket. Farmers are not realizing the promise of good times.

—Mr J. P. Strehle left for New York and Phila. Tuesday evening, to make his selections of Fall and Winter Millinery, &c. He will return with a complete assortment of the latest and prettiest things in; Pattern Hats, Straw and Felt hats, birds, wings, feathers, &c. &c. A Milliner of artistic taste will be secured for the coming season.

—Bellefonte news: Last Wednesday evening a man named Bill Reed was arrested for giving liquors to miners and selling without license. Bill represented a traveling bar. He had a jug in his hand and a glass in his pocket and was traveling the streets dealing out the "stuff" at 10 cents a drink. He was selling the drinks fast but the police got "onto him" and now Bill languishes in the "jug" on the hill, and when his Honor, Judge Furst, gets a chance at him Bill will likely "go west,"

—In court, at Bellefonte, a few days ago an officer named Gordon, of Philipsburg, was charged by Mrs. Chambers, of the same town, with assault and battery. Mrs. Chambers, who is young and pretty swore that Gordon, on leaving her house recently, held her hand too long and finally asked for a kiss. The officer testified that he had not asked for a kiss, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. Manifestly Gordon should have been convicted, if what he says is true. It was clearly his duty to kiss the pretty widow first then ask her for it afterwards. He has as the stump speaker might say, established a precedent that may return to plague him.

—Under an arrangement with E. B Westfall, Supt. P. & E. & L. & T. R. R., shipments for the exhibition to be held in Grange Park, will be charged regular current rates to Centre Hall, but all such shipments after the exhibition, if unsold and reshipped will be returned free to the original point of shipment, over any of the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad system by which they came. This free return will only be granted upon presentation of the original paid freight bill and a certificate signed by the proper officer of the exhibition to the effect that the exhibits are unsold. In addition to the above mentioned privileges granted arrangements have been made by which all camp equipage will be carried free.

Personal.

—Rev. A. A. Black, of Boalsburg, spent Tuesday in Centre Hall.

—Rev. C. V. B. Aurand, of Spring Mills, gave us a call on Tuesday.

—Mr. John Slack, of Potter Mills, was a pleasant caller at the REPORTER office on Tuesday morning.

—Mrs. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., formerly Miss Amanda Krumbine, is visiting her father. She arrived last week.

—Gov. Beaver and wife passed through town on Saturday by carriage on their way across the mountains to Milroy. The Governor stopped in town a few minutes and chatted with friends.

—Rev. Thos. Land, of Meadville, paid the town a short visit last week, Rev. Land was a former pastor of the Reformed church in this place and removed to Meadville about two years ago in response to a call.

—Misses Emma Montgomery, Kate Bullock, of Bellefonte, and Miss Ida Hughs, of Pittsburg, accompanied by Mr. John Bullock, had supper at the hotel Friday evening. They were on their way to Bellefonte after an extended drive over the county, and tarried several hours in the town.

Court.

Court, last week, was mostly taken up by petty commonwealth cases—fights—which should not have been taken to court at all.

About the first three days were taken up by personal fights—in which there appear black eyes, blue shins and bloody noses. All day Thursday was occupied by the Howard church fight. Friday was over half spent in the Philipsburg calf fight, the ownership of which was claimed by two parties. There were, as will be seen, all kinds of fights, to break the monotony of the court chamber.

Suicided with a Chain.

On Thursday last, Mr. Calvin Keefer, a prominent citizen of Kelly township, Union county, committed suicide by hanging himself with a boom chain, which he had fastened to a cross-beam over the entry in front of the horse stalls in the stable. He was discovered by his son, Harry Keefer, at about 11 o'clock in the evening, who was putting up a team of horses. No cause is accounted for Mr. Keefer's rash act. He was aged about 48 years.

Wanted.

Energetic ladies and gentlemen to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 books in five days; another sold 31 in three days another took 25 orders in making 30 calls. 30,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address C. L. Webster & Co., 3 East 14th Street, N. Y

Clean Up.

Assistant Burgess John Krumbine has issued an order for the citizens to repair their bad walks and clean rubbish out of the alleys, and only allows them one week's time to do it. He wants things straightened and cleaned up, and look more respectable.

Death of Mrs. Runkle.

Mrs. James Runkle, of near Centre Hill, died on Tuesday morning. She had an attack of dysentery, several weeks ago, which resulted in typhoid fever, and terminated in her death.

Wm. Ishler is one of Centre county's most intelligent farmers, and a man of stainless character. Farmers, if you wish to give a deserving man of your class recognition, vote for Wm. Ishler for Sheriff.

The Independents have organized and opened their headquarters for operations against Delamater.

Carry the news to the sorry chaps on the Rush township Republican county ticket that on Monday last the Democrats cut down the majorities in Vermont and doubled their own in Arkansas.

J. J. Gramley's election as Treasurer, next November, will be a recognition of the services he has rendered the Democratic party all his life-time, as well as a deserved compliment as one of the most upright and intelligent farmers in the county. He is competent for the position in every sense of the word.

With Adams and Goodhart there will be decency and honesty in the commissioners' office and the people of our county will again have good housekeeping, and the constant trotting to Bellefonte and loafing in the commissioners' office and charging the tax-payers $300 per day it will be a thing of the past—1890, 1889 and 1888.

Aaronsburg.

Willis Musser and Thomas Harper have quit hauling cream for the Millheim creamery since Hoy does all the hauling himself.

George Schnure has gone home to New Berlin for a months vacation before going to Philadelphia to study medicine at the University.

Miss Mollie Musser has gone to Bloomsburg to Normal school, she had attended one term at Lock Haven State Normal.

John C. Stover bought the Spiker land south of town at $110,50 per acre. The tract north west of town was not sold.

Henry Phillips has enlarged his store room by making it about twenty feet deeper and letting in more light.

Weaver and Frederick have dissolved partnership in the butcher business and Ira Gramley now handles the cleaver for Mr. Weaver. Ira is an obliging fellow and convenient to have around.

Teachers were selected for Hains township. In Aaronsburg W, E. Keen first grade Z. D. Thomas intermediate and Kate Bollinger primary.

Mrs. Ella Irey has gone back to Wheeling, W. Va., after a visit home of about four months. Her father, Dr. Musser, is somewhat improved though still confined to his bed.

Elijah Burd bought William Shafer's property north of town, along the mountain for seven hundred and fifty dollars and has rented the house to a Mr. Bierly.

John Beaver has moved to Penn township into Aaron Ulrich's house and works for Daniel Geary at smithing.

Some farmers in this vicinity have a fine crop of potatoes and will have an excellent crop of corn, while others will scarcely have any thing. There are few who have as fine a lot of potatoes as Frank Dutweiler.

Farmers Mills.

Harvey Rossman and family arrived at home, from Johnstown, last week.

Our farmers are quite busy, since the late rains doing their fall seeding, most of which will be completed during this week, Many of our farmers are using common salt as a fertilizer, this fall.

Visitors to this vicinity were quite numerous during the last few weeks.

Several of our good citizens were on the sick list of late but are all on a fair way of recovery.

Miss B. Duck will close her subscription school here, next Friday.

Rumor says we are to have a wedding or two in this vicinity, in the near future.

Fruit is very scarce in this locality, and no one ought to be so cheeky, as to try to grab and carry off the little bit of fruit their poor neighbors have.

—Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

—The buildings being erected on the picnic ground are built with a view to permanency. There are four buildings up and almost completed for exhibits and are double the size of any at last years' picnic, and are covered on the sides and roof with waterproof building paper, with glass sky lights and windows. The auditorium is expected to hold about five thousand people and will be a large tent loaned from the Cumberland valley R. R. for the occasion.

The Botanical diagnosis of the Rush township Republican county ticket, turns out thus:

Wolfe, a daisy.
Frieberger, a johnny-jump-up.
Mattern, a coleus.
Tyson, a honey-suckle.
Strohm, a swamp tulip.
Kuhns, a marsh lily.
Harter, a sun-flower.
Balance of ticket not yet classified.
Key: Sheriff Cook is a daisy.

The people of Centre county now have a ticket, nominated by the Democracy, that will conduct the affairs of the county in such a manner that when a good citizen enters the court-house he need not hold his nose shut—Henderson, Decker and Cook will not be there.

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. The greatest of all mistakes is to allow a simple Cough or Cold to take its course, which always ends in death; check it in time, and save life by use of Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents.
Trial bottles free at J. D. MURRAY'S Drug Store.

A Wonder.

It is really wonderful, how many individuals permit themselves to be hood-winked by quack medicines and compounds of all kinds. A sure cure for nearly all diseases that flesh is heir to, are the often spoken words on each bottle of this trash. Doctors of repute who have spent their days, and nights too in their studies to learn if possible any new thing to prolong life, and to make life more enjoyable, have no hesitancy in recommending Klein's Silver Age Rye. Mr. Klein does not claim that it cures all ailments; but it is considered by all who know the goods; that it is a fine stimulent; that it is used in City Hospitals; that Physicians recommend it; nay prescribe it, and that it strengthens the weak. It is also admitted by all who know Mr. Max Klein that his many years in business have fitted him not only to deal fairly with the world, but made him the leader of his line in our state. His Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies, 6 full quarts, old and pure at five dollors are the wonders of the day. His wines, gins, brandies and in fact anything in the liquor line can not be excelled, as to price or quality send for his complete price list and catalogue and convince yourself. His P. O. address Max Klein 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

On Monday, a frightful disaster occurred in a mine at Borysiay, in Galicia. There was a terrible explosion, and before anything could be done to rescue the entomed miners eighty of them were suffocated.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A LONELY STATION.

(UNION PACIFIC R. R. 1880.)

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

North, south, east and west—the same dull gray persistence,
The tattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or break the columns of the far-off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fell in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one gesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care:

Each following his own thought—around us darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long lost voices that will not come back;

Until, unasked—I knew not why nor wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face;
Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste that parted
His father's hut from the last camping place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping
With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado — round his hearthstone heaping
Rafter, dead faces, that were like his own.

"Then came the war time. When its shadow beckoned
He had walked dumbly where the flag had led
Through swamp and fen — unknown, unpraised, unreckoned—
To famine, fever, and a prison bed;

"Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him a wreck, beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die."

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far-off cry.
The coming train! I glance around the station.
All is empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station master?
That's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down-train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

London, England. —Bret Harte.

A FLOURISHING TOWN.

The most extraordinary newspaper I have ever had any knowledge of was published up in the Sierra range about fifteen years ago, The Manganetus Index.

The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail-box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright bustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of Manganetus, as well as of the man who edited the paper.

He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and in everything transpiring in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of bewildering rashness.

I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that the editor was not some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the vicinity of Manganetus and I decided to make the editor a call.

It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horse up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the Slavin house, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the Index, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing.

"Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary breast with a good-sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I persuaded myself that each mile was the last.

Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage windows that in darkness tell the traveller of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster perhaps than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting I walked, stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door.

A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled, leathery face, came to answer, and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand.

Seeing the pistol I said: "Here is civilization."

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my famished face and tired horse, he opened the door a little wider, and then, swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character, invited me in.

"How far to Manganetus?" I asked.

He looked at me in a rather queer way, and then bit his under lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"It is far from here? Can I reach it to-night?"

"Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; can't you stay all night?" he added. "Better stay; you can't possibly make Manganetus to-night."

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains.

While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of some one rapidly folding newspapers.

My ear did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper which he at once passed over to me. It was damp from the press, and I read the title:

"THE MANGANETUS INDEX."

"By industry we thrive." Devoted to the material interests of Manganetus. Subscription $5.00 per annum, payable in advance.

My host smiled as he handed me the paper.

"Then the town is here," I said. "Let me go to the hotel; the Slavin House, I believe. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger."

"You will remain here, sir," he replied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganetus, and this cabin is the only habitation for twenty miles."

I stared at the man in astonishment.

"You may well be puzzled," he continued, "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place upon the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing here. See?"

I nodded vaguely and he went on: "My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganetus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the index. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the City Council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar-store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar-store in another column. Here is the killing of Texas Pete and the investigation of his death by a Coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness. There is also in another portion of the paper, a legal summons advertised calling on a co-owner (one of the principles in the affray) to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look and shows no flaw, yet it is absolutely made from whole cloth."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," I said to him.

"This country is full of extraordinary things," he quietly replied.

"Where does this edition go?" I asked.

"Clara, bring me the mailing list."

I glanced over the list, and saw that it embraced the leading banking houses of London and New York, as well as the centres of finance and mining. My own name was oddly enough on the list. About a hundred copies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good.

I found that my friend edited the paper and did the typesetting, and his daughter was learning the art.

"I have no companions except my little daughter—and the town of Manganetus," he added, with a smile.

I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind through the pines and the rocking of the cabin had a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in the warm bed thinking and resting until morning before I slept.

My friend, the editor, was very talkative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail buckboard comes along to take them.

"In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the parties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements."

FROM the foundation of the world mankind, in one form of exertion or another, has sought to acquire the art of creating something from nothing.

EVER since wood was made to float on water and sustain some human freight, sailors during storms have been "pitying those on land in danger from falling trees and buildings."

DON'T LIKE TWINS

HOW THE AFRICAN MOTHERS MUST SUFFER.

A Disgrace to Have More Than One Child at a Time.

Few things are more mysterious than the undefinable sympathy which often exists between two human beings who came into the world together. There can be no doubt that this sympathy is real, and not the effect of the imagination, as some have supposed. So far as is known it does not always develop itself, and when it is present its cause is not by any means understood. A very real affection generally exists between twins, and often seems to show itself in the earliest days of infancy. It is no uncommon thing for a twin who has lost his or her counterpart to pine away, dropping gradually into the clutches of the destroyer, who, in taking away the other, has deprived life of all its joy. But though intense fondness is no doubt to a great extent the cause of such sad occurrences, the sympathy which twins have for one another shows itself here.

With many savage races twins are hurried out of the world immediately they have entered it; others allow them to live, but only under certain conditions. In Western Africa, a little below the equator, between ten degrees and twelve degrees east longitude, lives a large tribe called the Ishogo. They have many peculiar customs, but none more so than their treatment of twins and of the mother who is so unfortunate as to bear them. An idea seems to exist with them that no woman ought to produce more than a single child at a time, and they seek to rectify the error by giving their deities every chance of killing one of the children before they have arrived at the age at which they are considered able to take care of themselves. This is held to be at about six years old; once that age has been passed, it is thought by these people that a proper balance between life and death has again been struck, and they do not deem any further precautions necessary.

Immediately the birth of twins takes place, the hut in which the event happened is marked in some manner which will render it readily distinguishable from all others in the village. Those who have read accounts of African travel will probably remember the unanimous testimony which explorers of the dark continent bear to the extraordinary loquacity of its natives. Africans talk as they breathe—unceasingly—and yet the unfortunate mother of twins is forbidden to exchange a single word with any but the immediate members of her family. She may go into the forest for firewood, and perform the household work necessary for the existence of herself and her children, but it must be all done in strict silence, unless she finds herself near one of her close relatives. The consequence of this peculiar custom is that the Ishogo woman dreads the advent of twins more than anything, except, perhaps, being childless; and nothing irritates a newly married woman more than to tell her that she is sure to become the mother of two children at a birth.

When the six years of probation have dragged out their weary length, a grand ceremony is held to celebrate the release of the three captives, and their admission to the society of their fellows. At daybreak all the village is aroused by a proclamation made in the principal street, and the mother and a friend take up their stand on either side of the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. The rest of the inhabitants of the place congregate round about, and at a given signal the white legged women march away from the hut, followed by the twins, the mother clasping her hands, and capering about, the friend beating a lusty tattoo upon a drum and singing a song appropriate to the occasion. After this procession has gone the round of the village there is a general dance. Then every one sits down to a great feast, and eating, drinking, and dancing are carried on for the rest of the day and all through the night. As soon as the next day dawns all restrictions upon the mother and her offspring are held to be removed.

This ceremony is known as "M'paza," a word which signifies both the twins and the rite by virtue of which they and their mother are admitted to the companionship of their kind. Cases in which one of a pair of twins has felt a disturbing influence at work within him when evil was befalling his other self are numerous. As with all matters of the kind, the instances related are apt to border upon the land of fiction, but there are many which are perfectly well authenticated. Though twins are usually alike in form and feature, this is not invariably the case. The writer knows twin brothers who can scarcely be said to bear even a family likeness to one another and whose complexions go to the very extremes of darkness and fairness. But though unlike bodily they so resemble each other mentally that they passed from the bottom to the top of one of our great public schools side by side.

American Cattle in European Markets.

A short time ago the attention of the Department of Agriculture was called to a recent shipment of American cattle sold in the Rhenish provinces. Through the Department of State, the Department of Agriculture was placed in possession of a communication from the United States Consul at Cologne, in which this gentleman reported the sale of some thirty head of American cattle in that market, in reference to which he made the following statement.

"The quality of those oxen was good, but too fat, which, however, can be remedied. The price obtained per 100 pounds of the dressed meat, that is, exclusive of the head, hide, feet and entrails, which fall to the butcher, was Marks 70 ($16.80), being the same price paid for the home stock. Therefore, American cattle can compete with the home production.

"There is a difference among oxen fattened on pastures and those fattened in stables. The latter are preferred here, especially the red and white checked ones, which might command a higher price, say Marks 72 per 100 pounds. Both kinds are readily marketed here. There being rather a scarcity of cattle here this year and a consequent rise in the price of beef meat, it is thought that a considerable number of American cattle can be sold here, and I am informed that another large shipment is on its way from America for the German market."

In order to be able to give to our American stock raisers full information on this subject, the Secretary of Agriculture addressed a communication to the Department of State, requesting information in regard to the laws now in force in Germany with reference to cattle imported from the United States, and in a recent communication from the Department of State, enclosing the report on this subject of the American Consul at Hamburg, the Secretary of State promises to obtain further information which shall include the law on the subject of the exclusion of pork and any efforts that may have been made recently to secure its repeal, allusion to which was made in American papers in the form of a press dispatch, purporting to have been sent from Berlin, under date of November 20.

In the meantime, for the information of those interested, the substance of the correspondence between the Department of State and the American Consuls at the points referred to, is here given. It would appear from the report of the Consul at Hamburg and the enclosures forwarded with his communication, that cattle imported into any of the German states and provinces from the United States, South America or Great Britian, are subject to a four week's quarantine, and furthermore, that there is no likelihood of such quarantine being either abolished or modified. It should also be stated, that the cattle sold in Cologne formed part of a shipment of 160 head sold in the Rhenish Provinces, and that the data in regard to them was obtained from Messrs. Salm & Whil, one of the largest cattle dealing firms in Cologne.

It appears further, that during the early part of last fall, some six or seven hundred head of cattle were landed in the port of Toenning, from the United States, and that these were subjected to only five or six days' quarantine, but that this was due to a special permit from the Imperial Chancellor, which was granted in view of the fact that the persons interested had entered into contracts for the delivery of said cattle, without a knowledge of the existence of the quarantine regulations, and would consequently have sustained heavy pecuniary loss had the cattle been subjected to the regular four weeks' quarantine.

At the same time, however, strict orders were issued, that henceforth the regulations must be rigidly enforced. The Consul at Hamburg also informs the Department of State, that until recently large quantities of American beer have been used in the province of Schleswig in Prussia for the consumption of the German army. An order has since been issued, however, prohibiting its further use for that purpose.

The above is substantially all the information the Department of Agriculture has been able to procure on this subject up to date.

A Village That Is Some Pumpkins.

A special from Knoxville, Tenn., says—The village of Rogersville, in Hawkins County, has several things of which it can boast. The town itself is just one hundred years old. It has the oldest Masonic lodge in the State, and the house which sheltered General Jackson for months still stands in a state of almost perfect preservation. A huge hearth in a front room, which he laid with his own hands, shows scarcely a trace of wear. The first newspaper published in the State was issued from Rogersville. Within the corporate limits of the town are the graves of the parents of Davy Crockett. The only ebbing spring in the United States is but a short distance from the public square. It has regular tides, and ebbs and flows every two hours with unvarying uniformity. The water is always intensely cold, but never freezes, even in the coldest weather. The oldest woman in the State gets her mail at the post office there, and a few miles in the country is the oldest organized church in the State, the New Providence Church, at Stony point.

The Queen-Regent of Spain.

Dona Christina, who is so affectionately watching by day and by night at the bedside of her sick child, is a slim woman, rather above the medium height, a daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand and Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, and is nearing the completion of her thirty-second year. The strain, physical and mental, caused by the youthful Monarch's illness, is leaving its impress on her appearance, at the best of times not of the healthiest—a very pale complexion, large eyes, and golden hair. She is an intellectual woman, can freely converse in Spanish, French, German and English, loves music and society. Hardly an artiste of note visits the city without being invited by the widowed Queen to sing at the palace.

If some people never had any teeth they would live longer.

INSECT EATERS.

THERE'S NO DISPUTING ABOUT TASTES.

Locusts, Ants, Slugs, Worms and Spiders Esteemed Delicacies.

It is difficult to imagine what would have been the result if the reader had dined with a German gentleman who is said to have eaten spiders, spreading them, like butter, upon his bread! This, it must be admitted, was a most depraved taste; for the ordinary preying spider is one of the foulest feeders in the insect world. But the eating of even cleanly and pleasant-looking insects is regarded by most people with abhorrence. We are told in Clarke's Travels, that the Arabs "are as astonished at our eating crabs, lobsters and oysters, as we are at their eating locusts." It should be borne in mind that insects chiefly feed on vegetable matter, and are, therefore, much more cleanly than, for instance, swine or ducks. Examples of the eating of insects, as a staple item of food, can be brought from almost every part of the world both in ancient and modern times.

Locusts have been eaten from the remotest antiquity, and some Ethiopian tribes, from this circumstance, received the name of Acridophagi, or locust-eaters. The Arabs, when there is a famine, grind locusts in their hand-mills, or pound them in mortars, and mix with flour and water into a dough, which they bake as ordinary bread. But they not only employ locusts during a scarcity of corn, but, at other times, eat them as a delicacy. They boil them for a good while in water, and afterwards stew them with butter into a kind of fricassee of good flavor. The Hottentots are said to rejoice at the appearance of a swarm of locusts, although the destructive insects devour all the verdure in the district. The natives eat them in such quantities that they soon grow perceptibly fatter. They also gather the eggs, and make of them a kind of brown, or coffee-colored soup. Wagon loads of locusts are taken into the markets of Fez, as a usual article of food. In the Maharatta country, people preserve them in salt, and in some parts of Africa they are smoked.

Large quantities are used as food in Greece. Jackson, a traveller of the last century, says that, in 1799, locusts were generally served up in Barbary with other dishes, and were esteemed a great delicacy. They were preferred by the Moors to pigeon; and it is said that a person might eat a plate of about two or three hundred without feeling any ill effect. The following was the method of cooking adopted: the heads, wings, and legs were thrown away, and the bodies boiled for half an hour. They were then sprinkled with salt and pepper, and fried, a little vinegar being added. An English clergyman, the Rev. R. Sheppard, cooked the common grasshopper in this way, serving with butter instead of vinegar, and found it excellent.

In doing this he was really following the teachings of the Bible in Leviticus, xi. 20: "These ye may eat, the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." Locusts are now eaten in Crimea, Greece, India, Asia, Persia, Africa and Madagascar. The Chinese, who are noted for their economy, eat the chrysalis of the silkworms, after they have unwound the silk from the cocoons. They fry them in butter or lard, add the yolks of eggs, and season with pepper, salt and vinegar. A missionary named Favand said that he found this food both refreshing and strengthening.

White ants are much prized as food in various parts of Africa. The Hottentots eat them both raw and cooked, and thrive wonderfully on this diet. One traveller says that the natives parch them in pots over a fire, and eat them by handfuls as comfits. He asserts that he several times ate them prepared in this way, and found them to be of delicate flavor, nourishing and wholesome; resembling in taste sugared cream or sweet almond paste. Slugs are not so frequently eaten as snails. Mr. Vincent M. Holt tells of two gardeners who were in the habit of eating them. One of these said he ate them because he thought his chest was weak; the other, because he liked them: Ælian speaks of an Indian king who set before his guests a quantity of roasted worms, of which he said Indians were very fond, for desert.

Some Greeks, who tasted them, are said to have pronounced their flavor most delicious. Humboldt mentions that the Arabs of Fezzan ate some kinds of worms. The wire-worm, the larvæ of a small beetle, is eaten in large quantities by Turkish women, and the Chinese also eat some species of worms. Spiders nearly an inch in length are roasted over the fire and eaten by the natives of New Caledonia. Even educated Europeans have been known to eat them. Reaumur tells of a young lady who, when walking in her grounds, never saw a spider which she did not pick up and eat. The celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, also, used to eat them, and said they tasted like nuts. She used jestingly to remark that she was born under the sign Scorpio.

Round the World in Less Than a Second.

A French savant has calculated the time required for a journey round the earth, and has obtained the following results: A man, walking day and night without resting, would take 428 days; an express-train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32 1-2 hours, a cannon-ball, 21 3-4 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity passing over a copper-wire, a little under one-fourth of a second.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Few suffer uninvited insult.

Truth is a merciless iconoclast.

Alas! For those advanced in years only.

Generosity serves others better than itself.

A little world always makes a little man.

Danger and security are close neighbors.

Head love never sheds any of its own blood.

A poor lock is a good friend to the burglar.

We cannot own anything that we do not enjoy.

To seek the truth is better than to dig for gold.

Love can only be measured by what it will suffer.

The way to make a man right is to make his heart right.

The man who is looking for faults in others will be kept busy.

If there is good in us it will be sure to inspire good in others.

One of life's richest possessions is the memory of a good mother.

Lions are never so big as we think they are from their roaring.

You can't make a guilty man happy. He must first lose his guilt.

The love that never goes away from home had better die and be buried.

The easiest thing in all creation to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

An enemy is an enemy, no matter whether he carries a flag or a musket.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.

When a man knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him.

Be quick. You can't use a minute but once—make the most of it.

If there wasn't any gold in the world there wouldn't be so much brass.

Some people are afraid to do right for fear they will lose money by it.

A mean man must keep at it, but honesty will float without any paddling.

The heart is so large that it takes more than the visible universe to fill it.

The man who desires only to be a sounding brass will never be anything else.

The man who grumbles at the quality of a gift would get tired sitting down.

If two persons could ethically agree they could talk and smile continually.

Burdens will grow heavier by trying to shift them upon the shoulders of others.

One of the most powerful elements in every success is the determination to succeed.

Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.

A beautiful person is like a fountain, watering the ground and spreading fertility.

A man is vain just in proportion to his folly, and wise just in proportion to his humility.

You cannot hire a man to be honest. He will want his wages raised every morning.

The world is full of people who are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

The man who takes everything for granted will fall through a good many bridges.

Fire is always saying, "I'm hot," and to doubt its word is to reap the penalty.

A life's happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have parted with it.

He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows.

Unhappy people abuse themselves by looking sour at everybody who disagrees with them.

Moral training is impossible, for it depends upon the individual sense to determine good from evil.

The happiest man is he who, being above the trouble which money brings, has hands the fullest of work.

The man who thinks he is wise should not waste his opportunity to learn by telling what he knows.

There is no beautifier of complexions or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

We murmur because we are in want, and, therefore, want because we murmur.

When a man is as polite to men as he is to women he is entitled to be known as a gentleman.

The best cook stove ever made will not bake a biscuit unless there is a good fire in it.

Some persons have plenty of genuine diamond ornaments, but only glass-bead principles.

While the unhappy have still hope, the prosperous tremble with fear. Such is compensation.

Children and plants turn instinctively toward the light. Let us emulate their incipient wisdom!

Those who go hunting for trouble are very poor sportsmen, though they generally bag the game.

You may suspect those persons who boast of some special virtue of having secretly the opposite vice.

By all that we circumscribe anticipation, we exalt fruition, the measure of which was never yet quite filled.

Grand thoughts, like orchard trees, amount to nothing unless they blossom and bear fruit. The fruit of thought is action.

The greatest blockhead is the one whose mistakes teach him nothing.

Wisdom is always knocking at the front door and wanting to come in, to hang up pictures and give away treasures.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Kind Words Never Die, Cherished and Blessed."

TEXT: "*A soft tongue breaketh the bone.*"—Prov. xxv., 15.

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not beso silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot and I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almostevery man in the course of his life is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted, and your religious or political principals are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to reconsider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature; "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As in the autumn a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one—the different parts of the Presbyterian order welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand; we have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one great hand shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for His armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spat upon?" My advice is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life. You are to live them down. I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst with perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue, but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, Dean Swift and other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord by His spirit would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I press now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now, we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great blaster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one world against the heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand was steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and, though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may have not been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

Kind words never die, never die;
Cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story.

There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross. It is one of Rubens's pictures. No man can stand and look at that descent from the cross as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens's "Descent of Christ from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent of Christ from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said; "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get Him down."

Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that He may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ of seeing them prepared for the world that is to come.

Above all, I look for the mercy of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. Oh, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

A POMPEIIAN PIG.—There is little reason to doubt that the citizens of ancient Pompeii knew what was good. They were fond of roast pig. One of the first families of Pompeii were about to dine on that succulent dainty when the volcanic storm overwhelmed the city. The pig was nearly done, probably, when the shower of red-hot ashes spoiled it. This is all true, for a mass of indurated lava and ashes has been found in a stew-pan which was on a cooking-stove in the kitchen of a disinterred house, and when the lump was opened, a perfect mold of a sucking-pig was disclosed. A cast was taken of the hollow, and the result was a plaster fac-simile of the little animal, which was scientifically trussed, and appears to be about ready to serve.

DO NOT try to take off your hat to a woman on a rainy day; if she carries an umbrella she will take it off for you.

A QUEER LITTLE ISLAND.

The political relations of England and Germany have recently made the little island of Heligoland not only famous but a place of importance in international politics. Some of the facts about Heligoland, which are found in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and given in the recent issua of the *Christian Unic* are peculiarly interesting.

Heligoland lies in the North Sea about thirty-six miles from the mouth of the Elbe. There are in reality two islets, one of the sand and one of rock, lying about a quarter of a mile apart.

"The Rock Island is nearly triangular in shape, surrounded on every side by steep cliffs, the only beach being the sandy spit where the landing-place is situated, near the south-east point. On this islet there are some five hundred houses, divided into a lower town or *Unterland*, on the spit, and an upper town or *Oberland* situated on the cliff above, and connected with the lower town by a wooden stair of 190 steps, the only possible mode of communication between the two sections. The portion of the flat-topped rock not occupied by the houses, the church with graveyard, the Government residences, and place for a battery, comprises a little pasture land, a few cabbage gardens, potato patches, and a powder magazine at the north end of the route. About two hundred sheep tethered to particular spots, feed on the scanty herbage, eked out by potato-peelings and halms, cabbage blades, or any other vegetable refuse, which is carried out to them every morning. From one end of the island to the other runs a foot-path, called by the Heligolanders the 'Landwae' or high road, but better known to visitors by the name of 'Kartoffel Allee' (Potato Walk.) There is also a lighthouse; but, though a few guns are placed behind a rude earthwork, there are no fortifications except the inaccessible cliffs of the island, and no garrison of any kind unless a few coast-guardsmen be considered as such. The greatest length of the island which slopes somewhat from west to east, is five thousand eight hundred and eighty feet, and the greatest breadth eighteen hundred and forty-five feet, its circumference thirteen thousand five hundred feet, its average height one hundred and ninety-eight feet, and the highest point two hundred and fifteen feet. The Dune or Sand Island is little more than a sand-bank covered with scanty herbage, and imperfectly bound together by bent-grass, and carices. It is only about two hundred feet above the sea at its highest point, but the drifting sands and the constant inroads of the sea make the height rather variable. The sea-bathing establishment is situated here; but, with the exception of the restaurant keepers and waiters, and the attendants who drag the bathing-coaches into the sea, there are no residents. A shelving beach of white sand presents excellent facilities for bathing: everything is under strict Government surveillance, the boats in which the bathers cross in the morning the hours of bathing, and the tariff being all regulated by law. Approached from the sea, the Rock Island, with its red-tiled houses, perched in a little cluster on the red cliff—'Am Falm,' as it is called—looks very picturesque, and even the narrow brick-paved or sandy lanes of the town are not deficient in a certain degree of quaintness. There are—with the exception of a wheel-barrow or a perambulator—no wheeled carriages in the Island, and no horses or other beasts of burden. Even the two cows kept in the Unterland for the use of invalid visitors, and whose milk is sold at the apothecary's shop, are removed at the end of the bathing season to Cuxhaven, the Island not supplying food for both man and beast. Mud is unknown on the streets, the rain only serving to wash their sloping surfaces clean as the scoured floors of the housewives' kitchens. Most of the houses are built—the lower half at least—of brick, but some are of wood. There are a theater, a 'conversation house,' and a number of hotels and restaurants, though during the season nearly every house is more or less let out to 'baadegaster'—visitors for sea-bathing forming the great source of the islanders' prosperity. In both the lower and the upper town there are numbers of shops; but the articles for sale seem to be chiefly intended for the summer 'bathing guests,' the natives getting most of their supplies from Hamburg or Bremen. The dwellings of the fisher-folks are reasonably, clean and the interiors bear evidence of the sea-faring character of the population. Some of the houses have little gardens with flowers, cucumbers, etc., in front of them; and in places protected by the sea breezes there are a few fruit trees. At the foot of 'the stair' are one or two lime trees, sheltered by the contiguous houses; they are looked upon by the Heligolanders as objects of national pride. During the summer, from two thousand to three thousand visit the Island for sea-bathing. Most of these are from Hamburg, English or other 'guests' being rare. There are no English residents, the officials, the governor excepted, being either natives or Germans.

Of these officials a correspondent of the New York "Tribune" gives an amusing account in a recent letter.

"There is a good deal of government here, too. There is a Colonial Governor and the before-mentioned Secretary, and two Councilors, who meet in solemn state in the old Danish Governor's House. There is a Treasurer, too, and a Pooh-Bah. The latter is a warrant officer of the British Navy. He is also Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of the colony, Chief of Police, Chief of Justice, Attorney-General, Chief Constable, County Court Judge, Governor of the Gaol, Turnkey, Sheriff, Justice of the Peace and Executioner; and if there are any other little odd jobs to be done outside of those officers, he does them. It should be added that the total land and sea forces of the colony consist of five coastguard men. There are some howitzers on a sand hill somewhere, which form the armament of the island. But with all his multitude of offices, Lieutenant Pooh-Bah often finds time hang heavy on his hands. About once in three months there is a pretty civil suit to be tried. That is all. A few years ago, for the only time in half a century there was a criminal case. A man was arrested for stealing a dozen pewter spoons. This event created tremendous excitement, and was talked of for years. The criminal was convicted and was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in prison dress for, I think, two weeks. The dress consisted of a fine new suit of clothes, much better than he had ever worn in his life. They had to be procured from the tailor's especially for him, by the way, since there never before had been used such a thing. The labor consisted in shovelling sand at the pier for eight hours a day. As for the imprisonment it meant that the convict had to sleep every night in the guest chamber of the Governor's house, There was no other lock-up. And he took his meals at the table d'hote of the very inn from which he had stolen the spoons."

The history of Heligoland, notwithstanding its quaintness, barrenness, and limited size, is interesting. "Here Hertha had her great Temple, and hither came from the main-land the Angles to worship at her shrine. Here lived King Radbod, a pagan, and on this isle St. Willebrod, 1,200 years ago, first preached Christianity; and for its ownership, before and after that date, many sea rovers have fought."

RED TAPE.

An energetic and skillful business man will keep his eye open lest red tape get entangled in the affairs of his counting-room or office. How easily such wasteful entanglements may develop is shown by three anecdotes which "Chatter" quotes from a Parisian paper:

"The patrol, which, since 1871, has been marching four times a day—or rather every evening—from the Mont-Valerian fort to the Suresnes railway station, now only goes once. The change has been made recently. The story of this patrol is a curious one. In 1871 a council of war was sitting at Mount-Valerien. On their way from the Suresnes station to the citadel—a distance of about half-a-mile—a few officers were insulted and roughly treated. This was in the evening. An order was immediately issued that every day after nightfall four men and corporal, armed with lanterns, should meet every train coming from Paris, to render assistance to officers in case of need and to enforce the respect due to their epaulets. So, for the last seventeen years the corporal and his men; lantern in hand, have walked to and from the station every night, winter and summer alike, whether moonlight or pitch dark.... It is the legend of the sentry over again, who had been posted by the side of a newly painted seat in a public garden, to warn the public against sitting on it, and who was kept there for twenty years.

"The Russian army has a similar tradition, more poetic but less known. An officer of the guard had fallen in love with Catherine of Russia without daring to tell her the fact. One day as the Empress passed him in the courtyard of the palace, he turned away his eyes to examine a little flower which was growing between the stones of the pavement. Catherine understood and was affected, as was proved by the fact that she posted a sentry in the middle of the court to mount guard over the flower. Seventy-five years later the sentinel was there still. The Emperor Nicholas had him removed.

Scholastic Hints.

Clearness of thought and expression are always at a premium.

Don't forget to use the newspaper as an occasional reading exercise.

It is much easier to discipline when you are directly in front of the class.

A child's questions are the best indication of his tendency to think or not to think for himself.

Have the courage to be independent in any specific method when you are confident you are right.

The high school should establish the habits and train in the methods followed in the highest inquiries after scientific truth.

The principles of thinking, which are to common life what axioms are to mathematics, should be well taught and thoroughly appreciated.

In the news of the day, the news of the week and the school reading of the newspaper distinguish sharply between the vital and the sensational.

Respect for the wisdom of the ages is an important characteristic of teacher or pupil; but disrespect for the best wisdom of the day is not creditable.

The first work in every lesson should be to start the class in some genuine thinking. Every word, look and act should be focused for thought activity on the part of the class.

It is not often that good results are obtained from keeping pupils after school. There are teachers who can make it serviceable for discipline and inspiration, but they are rare.

Strawberry Leaf-Bligth.

It is known that this disease usually causes the greatest injury by attacking the new growth which appears directly after the new fruit is harvested. A this period the old leaves contain in numerable spores, and it is these that infect the young leaves. To prevent this the practice of burning over the plants just after the fruit is gathered has been followed with success, the young plants usually starting up and growing thrifty after the treatment. The complete destruction of the old leaves is usually effected by first mowing the plants, allowing the foliage to dry a day or two and then burning. Last year an experiment was made by Colonel Pearson, with a view to determine the effect of spraying the foliage with a strong solution of sulphuric acid. Several rows of strawberry plants, badly infested with leaf-blight, were sprayed with a solution made by mixing one pint of sulphuric acid with six gallons of water, the application being made soon after the fruit was harvested. As a result of this spraying the old leaves were as effectually destroyed as if they had been burnt with fire, and two weeks later the plants had started up fresh and green. On the 16th of September the difference between the treated and untreated points was quite striking. The sprayed rows were fresh and green, while adjoining unsprayed plants left for control were badly blighted. Where one has a suitable spraying pump it would doubtless be economy to adopt this method of destroying the old plants rather than the plan of mowing and burning with fire.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1890.

Jesus and Zacchæus the Publican.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 19 : 1-10. Memory verses: 7-10.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7 : 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Welcoming the Sincere Seeker.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Seeking Jesus, vs. 1-4.
2. Receiving Jesus, vs. 5-7.
3. Confessing Jesus, vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT: *The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*—Luke 19 : 10.

DAILY HOME READINGS:
M.—Luke 19 : 1-10. Welcome the sincere seeker.
T.—Matt. 8 : 5-13. Sincere seeking.
W.—Matt. 15 : 21-28. Sincere seeking.
T.—Mark 5 : 22-24, 35-43. Sincere seeking.
F.—Mark 5 : 25-34. Sincere seeking.
S.—Mark 10 : 46-52. Sincere seeking.
S.—Luke 7 : 36-50. Sincere seeking.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. SEEKING JESUS.

I. A Despised Calling:
Zaccheus....was a chief publican (2).
Why eateth your Master with publicans? (Matt. 9 : 11).
Let him be unto thee as....the publican (Matt, 18 : 17).
But the publicans and harlots believed him (Matt. 21 : 32).
God, I thank thee, that I am not as.... this publican (Luke 18 : 11).

II. A Praiseworthy Desire:
He sought to see Jesus who he was (3).
Come, see a man, which told me all (John 4 : 29).
Who is he, Lord, that I may believe? (John 9 : 36).
Sir, we would see Jesus (John 12 : 21).
That I may gain Christ, and be found in him (Phil. 3 : 8, 9).

III. A Commendable Effort:
He....climbed up into a....tree to see him (4).
If I do but touch his garment, I shall be made whole (Matt. 9: 21).
They besought him that they might only touch....his garment (Matt. 14: 36).
There ran one to him, and kneeled to him (Mark 10:17).
He went unto him, and besought him (John 4: 47).
1. "He entered and was passing through Jericho." (1) A needy city; (2) A helpful visitor; (3) A passing opportunity.—Jericho's opportunity (1) Improved by some; (2) Rejected by many.
2. "He sought to see Jesus who he was." (1) His motive; (2) His action; (3) His success.—(1) Desire felt; (2) Means employed; (3) Success attained.
3. "He could not for the crowd, because he was little of stature." (1) Personal deficiency; (2) Adverse surroundings; (3) Skilful effort; (4) Splendid success.

II. RECEIVING JESUS.

I. Jesus Calling:
Zaccheus, make haste, and come down (5).
I came not to call the righteous, but sinners (Matt. 9: 13).
Come unto me, all ye that labor (Matt. 11: 28).
Be of good cheer; rise, he calleth thee (Mark 10: 49).
If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink (John 7: 37).

II. Willing Ones Responding:
He made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully (6).
They were baptized,....confessing their sins (Matt. 3: 6).
And many more believed (John 4: 41).
They then that received his word were baptized (Acts 2: 41).
There was much joy in that city (Acts 8: 8).

III. Opponents Complaining:
He is gone in to lodge with a man that is a sinner (7).
This man....would have perceived.... that she is a sinner (Luke 7: 39).
This man receiveth sinners (Luke 15: 2).
They are filled with new wine (Acts 2: 13).
They opposed themselves, and blasphemed (Acts 18: 6).
1. "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down." Christ's call (1) Personal; (2) Pressing; (3) Peremptory.—(1) Approach demanded; (2) Haste required.
2. "He made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully." (1) Prompt action; (2) Joyous action; (3) Christward action.—(1) Zaccheus welcomes the Lord; (2) The Lord blesses Zaccheus.
3. "He is gone into lodge with a man that is a sinner." (1) A ground of Pharisaic complaint; (2) A ground of penitential consolation.

III. CONFESSING JESUS.

I. Open Confession:
Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord (8).
I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord (Psa. 32: 5).
Who shall confess me,....him will I also confess (Matt. 10: 32).
With the mouth confession is made unto salvation (Rom. 10: 10).
If we confess,....he is faithful....to forgive (1 John 1: 9).

II. Assured Salvation:
To-day is salvation come to this house (9).
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities (Psa. 103: 3).
Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven (Matt. 9: 2).
He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven (Luke 7: 48).
We know that we have passed out of death into life (1 Jonn 3: 14).

III. Realized Redemption:
The Son of man came....to save that which was lost (10).
He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied (Isa. 53: 11).
I was not sent but unto the lost sheep (Matt. 15: 24).
He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing (Luke 15: 5).
Make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive (Luke 15: 23, 24).
1. "Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord." (1) In public position; (2) Before the penetrating eye; (3) With accepted avowals.—(1) His position; (2) His declaration.
2. "To-day is salvation come to this house." (1) A prompt salvation (2) A happy home.—Salvation in the home: (1) Ready; (2) Rich; (3) Eternal.
3. "To seek and to save." (1) Seeking, Where? How? Why? (2) Saving, From what? To what? By what?—(1) The Lord's double mission; (2) The sinner's double encouragement.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE PUBLICANS.

Collectors of taxes (Luke 5 : 27).
Suspected of extortion (Luke 3 : 12, 13).
Guilty of extortion (Luke 19 : 8).
Secured large wealth (Luke 19 : 2).
Despised by the Pharisees (Luke 18 : 11).
Classed with the infamous (Matt. 11 : 19 ; 21 : 32).
Christ befriended them (Matt. 9 : 11 ; Luke 15 : 1, 2).
Responsive to religious effort (Mark 2 : 15 ; Luke 18 : 14; 19 : 5, 6),

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—In the account of Matthew, the parable of the laborers in the vineyard (Matt. 20 : 1-16) is added to the discourse of the last lesson. Some harmonists also insert the raising of Lazarus at this point; others, however, place it still later. Another prediction of the passion (Matt. 20 : 17-19; Mark 10 : 32-34; Luke 18 : 31-34) seems to have followed immediately the parable of the laborers in the vineyard; after which came the ambitious request of the wife and sons of Zebedee (Matt. 20 : 20-28; Mark 10 : 35-45). The healing of Bartimeus and another blind man took place shortly after, in the neighborhood of Jericho, the differences in the accounts being variously explained (Matt. 20 : 29-34; Mark 10 : 46-52; Luke 18 : 35-43). This lesson is connected with the final departure from Jericho.

PLACE.—As our Lord was passing through Jericho; then at the house of Zaccheus, probably in the court or at the entrance of the house. The city, in New Testament times, was situated south-east of the site of the more ancient Jericho, about two miles east of the present village of Er-Riha. It was at the opening of the valley of Achor into the valley of the Jordan, some six miles north of the Dead Sea.

TIME.—According to the usual view, about a week before the last passover, though opinions differ as to the exact day. Andrews, however, fixes the date of the lesson on Thursday, the 7th of Nisan (March 30), 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30. He thinks that our Lord remained at the house of Zaccheus over night, departing for Bethany the next day.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, a crowd following him; Zaccheus.

INCIDENTS. — The journey through Jericho; Zaccheus, his attempt to see Jesus; our Lord's recognition of him and proposal to be his guest; the murmuring of the multitude; the confession of Zaccheus: the response of Jesus.

There is no parallel passage.

A Diabolical Plant.

Mr. Dunstan, naturalist, who has recently returned from Central America, where he spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine rope-like tissue of roots or fibres. The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy muscular fibre. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was bloodstained, while his skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered into spots, and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was a greyish dark tinge, remarkably adhesive, and of a disagreeable animal odor, powerful and nauseating to inhale. The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call the devil's snare, and were full of stories of its death-dealing powers. He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with the loss of skin and even of flesh; but, as near as Mr. Dunston could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food. If the substance is animal, the blood, is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short space of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief.

TO LIVE is not merely to breathe it; is to act, it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties—of all those parts of ourselves which gives us the feeling of existence.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 4.

MR. BLACK ACCEPTS.

He Is Willing to Become Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

YORK, Pa., Sept. 1.—Hon. Chauncey F. Black has accepted the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor in the following letter:

Gentlemen—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your official notification of my nomination by the late Democratic state convention for the office of lieutenant governor, and to thank you for the courtesy with which you have performed your duty.

In accepting a second nomination for this important office, under almost similar circumstances, I deem it necessary, only upon this occasion to add that the record of my previous service furnishes the measure of fidelity to the constitution, the laws and the public interests with which I will endeavor to discharge its duties should I be again elected.

With grateful acknowledgments to the convention and to the Democratic party, of the high honor conferred upon me, I remain, with great respect, yours, very truly,

CHAUNCEY F. BLACK.

An Acrobat's Fatal Feat.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—At Chambersburg Saturday night a traveling acrobat named Bond attempted to give a tight rope performance. One end of the rope was fastened to a tree and the other to a pole placed on the ground. Bond was so drunk he could scarcely go through his performance, and as he was about concluding it the pole fell and struck a little girl in the crowd named Nannie Eiger, crushing her skull and breaking both her legs, from which injuries she died in a few hours. Bond was arrested and a coroner's jury is investigating the case. The victim was 11 years of age.

Stopped Newspaper Sales.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 2.—A bundle of newspapers arrived here containing a sensational account of the disappearance of Mrs. Wohr. Mr. Wohr had his attorney, Mr. Whitehouse, to stop the sale of the papers. Lawyer Henning represented the other side. The papers were seized, but on the advice of Mr. Henning the newsboy took them from the justice's office. Lawyer Whitehouse then had Lawyer Henning put under bail charged with the larceny of the papers. The latter threatens to have Whitehouse arrested for malicious prosecution, and the end is not yet.

Special Police Guard the Works.

IRWIN, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Westmoreland and Penn Gas Coal companies have employed a large number of special policemen to guard their property. It is believed this move is preliminary to the introduction of new workmen into the mines. The companies cannot get American miners and the strikers say there will be trouble if they attempt to fill the mines with Italians, which is believed to be their purpose.

Had Over 100 Pawn Tickets.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 2.—John Temple and William Travis were arrested here last night by a Pittsburg detective while attempting to sell a watch. When searched they had in their possession over 100 pawn tickets from brokers in New York, Detroit and Pittsburg, calling for watches, diamonds and other jewelry. One ticket from a New York broker called for a $450 lens. They were held for examination.

Caught on the Cowcatcher.

AMBLER, Pa., Sept. 2.—The Buffalo express struck and killed an unknown colored man at Chelton Hills station while crossing the track. The engine caught and carried him to Jenkintown, about half a mile distant. Deputy Coroner Hugh O'Neill, of Jenkintown, held an inquest. The jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

A 10-year-old Murderer.

COBOURG, Ont., Sept. 2.—Two boys named David Smith and Peter Hanson had a quarrel on Sunday afternoon and came to blows. Smith stabbed Hanson in the breast with a pocket knife. Hanson died last night. Smith is only 10 years of age and his victim two years his senior. Smith has been arrested.

An Oil Explosion.

READING, Pa., Sept. 2.—By the explosion of two barrels of oil in the hardware store of Fegley, Hoff & Co., a fire was started which damaged the building and stock to the extent of $8,000. Two firemen were badly burned.

On Culp's Hill.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 2.—The Fourteenth Brooklyn Veterans unveiled their granite marker on Culp's hill yesterday. Col. E. B. Fowler presided and Col. Louis Stigman delivered the oration.

Lived on 3 Cents a Day.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Sept. 1.—The death of George Gilbert reveals some strange doings of the man, who was a confirmed miser. During the last fifty years he had lived alone, devoting his time to saving money, which he deposited in banks. It was his boast that his living the year round did not cost him to exceed 3 cents a day. Years ago he sold a neighbor a load of hay for $27. Gilbert punctually collected the interest each year, and last year he received the principal, it having earned him over $100. Gilbert leaves an estate valued at $125,000.

An Applejack Famine.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 1.—There is an applejack famine impending in the great producing belt lying between the Hudson and the Delaware. There are sixty distilleries in the district, principally in Orange, Sussex and Warren counties, and the total production of the distilleries in a prolific apple season is about 300,000. There was a light crop of apples last year, and the product of the stills fell off more than 60 per cent. Very few distilleries will light their fires at all.

Rockbridge Company's Big Deal.

GLASGOW, Va., Aug. 30.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, president of the Rockbridge company, received a telegram from Hon. William Anderson, in London, requesting him to call a meeting of the directors of the company on Sept. 10 to ratify the contract he has made with the syndicate who propose to put $1,500,000 in the Rockbridge company. This will be one of the largest deals ever made in the Old Dominion.

THE FLAG CAME DOWN

The German Emblem Mobbed in an Allegheny Labor Parade.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS THE CRY

How Labor Day Was Observed in Other Cities—Henry George Welcomed in New York—Parades and Speeches in All the Principal Cities.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 2.—The German flag was pulled down, torn to shreds and trampled under foot yesterday afternoon in Allegheny by Junior Order United American Mechanics men. It was carried by the bakers contingent in the labor parade. At Arch street and North avenue, one aide was prevailed upon by some influential members of the Junior Order United American Mechanics to order the obnoxious flag hauled down.

The bearer refused and held the banner higher and unfurled it to the winds. The aide rode off and the spectators began to jeer. There were a large number of Junior Order men around and they were particularly incensed. They called back the aide and insisted that the German flag be removed.

Fighting for the Flag.

The officer thus urged rode into the ranks and took hold of the banner. He tried to take it from the man who carried it, but the men in the ranks quickly surrounded the aide and essayed to beat him off. Policeman Diebold, of the Allegheny force, dashed into the thick of the fight and beat the horse and rider with his mace. For a time it seemed that the champions of the flag would win. Therefore the Junior Order United American Mechanics men who had encouraged the aide to remove the flag took a part. Canes and fists were used, resulting in black eyes and torn clothes. Policeman Diebold was roughly handled.

"America for Americans."

Despite the efforts of the bakers and the policemen the flag came down. The Junior Order men secured the banner and in about a minute all semblance to a country's emblem was gone. The silk was torn to shreds and the men trampled them under foot.

Having won the victory they shouted, "America for Americans." "The stars and stripes the only banner on our streets" and other patriotic sentiments. They retired and the bakers closed up their ranks and proceeded on their way, but they were angry and will not cool down for some time. They threaten vengeance. No arrests were made.

The Day in New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The city bore a gala day appearance, flags and banners being liberally displayed. Business was generally suspended and those who did not participate in the labor demonstrations went into the country. There were two large parades, representing the two factions of the Central Labor union. A number of Single Tax men marched in a body to the Cunard steamship pier and welcomed Henry George, who arrived on the Servia from England and Australia.

Philadelphia's Labor Day.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2.—The banks and public offices were closed yesterday, but the day was not very generally observed otherwise. The United German Trades had a parade in which red flags were borne along with the stars and stripes. A large picnic was held at Pastime park under the auspices of the United Labor League. There were a good many sporting events in the vicinity.

Milwaukee Calls It Artisans' Day.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 2.—The labor organizations here observed Artisans' day with a procession and speaking at Shooting park. About 5,000 men were in the parade. Fully 10,000 people gathered at the park.

Lancaster's Big Parade.

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 2.—Labor day was observed here with the largest industrial demonstration in the history of the city. All business was suspended. A labor mass meeting and picnic were held.

Partially Observed in Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Sept. 2.—The three silk mills here were idle and the banks were closed. All the iron works were in operation.

Baltimore Observes the Day.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 2.—Labor day was generally observed by the wage earners here, although it is a municipal holiday merely.

Minister Mizner Makes Peace.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Acting Secretary Wharton received a telegram from Minister Mizner, at Guatamala, through Minister Ryan, at Mexico City, dated Aug. 28, as follows:

Went again to Acajulta, in Salvador, on Monday with three of the diplomatic corps. Met provisional president with several hundred leading men of the republic. Basis of peace explained; slightly modified; accepted and signed by Gen. Eteza. Returned here (Guatemala) yesterday afternoon, when Guatamala also accepted and signed. Both parties have been notified to retire their armies in forty-eight hours and to reduce them to peace footing in eight days. This establishes peace in Central America.

Assistant Secretary Wharton regarded this as a satisfactory settlement of the trouble.

The Franchise in Mississippi.

JACKSON, Miss., Aug. 30.—The work of the committee on elective franchise was practically completed in the constitutional convention. The plan of suffrage agreed upon embraces the modification of the Australian ballot system known as the Dortch law; a residence of two years in the state and one in the voting precinct; the prepayment of a poll tax of $2, and qualified woman suffrage based upon the possession by her or her husband, if married, of real property to the value of $200. The property qualification was abandoned and an educational qualification is provided for, limited to the ability of the voter to understand the constitution when read to him.

Pork Compensates for Art.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—Le Paris prints the following: "The negotiations between France and the United States relative to the American tariff are approaching a favorable conclusion. The Washington government will remove the duty on works of French art and France will remove the prohibition against American pork."

NEARLY DECAPITATED.

A Woman Slashes Her Throat with a Razor.

BRADFORD, Pa., Aug. 30.—Mrs. J. R. McKenzie, of Duke Centre, McKean county, Pennsylvania, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor during the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic yesterday. The body of the unfortunate woman was discovered by her husband at 3 p. m. The body was still warm, but life was extinct.

The woman used her husband's razor and slashed her neck in four places. The head was nearly severed from the body. The cause assigned was despondency over a wayward daughter, who is an inmate of a colored house of prostitution in this city. The unfortunate woman was highly esteemed.

Found Dead in Bed.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 1.—Joseph Brittain, of Butler, Pa., 40 years of age, single, and general manager of the Butler Salt Manufacturing Company and Chemical works, was found dead in bed at the Hotel Boyer, this city, at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, from an overdose of morphine. Mr. Brittain had been suffering from nervousness the past ten days and had been taking morphine. Whether he took the overdose with suicidal intent or ignorance is not known. Mr. Brittain organized the company of which he was general manager, with a capital of $400,000. It is stated Mr. Brittain was in trouble financially and had a great deal of personal indebtedness.

Interesting Church Reunion.

MACUNGIE, Pa., Aug. 30.—A reunion was held at the Jordan Lutheran church, near this borough. All the pastors of the congregation yet living attended, with representatives of all the families who have ever worshiped in the church. The congregation was organized 146 years ago. The first church building was erected in 1749, and was a log structure. The second building was erected in 1771 and the present handsome brick edifice in 1842. The congregation numbers 600 communicant members and is one of the wealthiest in Lehigh county.

Footpads Stole His Tongue.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 1.—"Your money or your life" was the demand which met Samuel Francis while walking in the eastern portion of the city at an early hour Sunday morning. It came from footpads, and when Francis made a desperate resistance he was brutally assaulted and left to die. His tongue was wrenched from its roots in the attempt to keep him quiet, and his condition, when he crawled to a neighboring house unable to speak, was pitiable. He may recover. A large sum of money was taken from him.

Pennsylvania's Resources.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The census bulletin showing the financial condition of counties has been issued. Pennsylvania shows a considerable increase in her bonded indebtedness. The total bonded debt is $8,513,605, an increase of $2,000,855. She has nearly canceled her floating debt, decreasing it $3,127,309, leaving $141,337. The gross debt of the state is $8,654,943, a decrease of $1,126,441. Pennsylvania stands first of the middle states as to cash in treasury, the amount being $1,370,546. The debt of Philadelphia county is admitted.

Thievish Juveniles Jailed.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Pottsville jail received a number of juvenile thieves. John Salmon, aged 14, was committed from Minersville for stealing a box of jewelry from a pony express wagon; Annie Cartright, of Galappo, obtained shoes by false representations; William Pheno, aged 12, and George Boehner, aged 20, robbed one store, and Jacob Rifowich and Jacob Katchervinski, aged 12 and 13 respectively, robbed another store, and all four were committed.

Chained in a Smoke House.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30.—Word was received by Dr. Henry M. Wetherill, secretary of the state commission on lunacy, that the girl who has been confined in the smoke house and there chained, in Richland township, Venango county, has been transferred to the state hospital at Warren. Steward Culp, of the county almshouse, succeeded in getting the girl. She had been receiving her food through a hole in the door, and the room was in a filthy condition.

Texas Fever in Pennsylvania.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Aug. 30.—A fatal disease has broken out among the cattle in the lower part of Bucks county. It is pronounced by some to be Texas fever, and it is said to be spreading rapidly. James Kaign, of Bristol township, has lost six cows, and several others have the disease. The farmers of the lower end townships are becoming alarmed at the state of affairs, and have notified the state authorities, who will investigate matters.

Drowned in the Susquehanna.

PLYMOUTH, Pa., Sept. 1.—The body of an unknown woman, about 35 years old, was found in the Susquehanna river here. Her attire indicated comfortable circumstances. In her pocket was $2.50, but there was nothing giving a clew to her identity. There were no marks of violence on the body and it was probably a case of suicide.

A Disastrous Parade.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 1.—Mrs. Caroline Martin, of Green township, and her daughter, Miss Manda Martin, drove into the city to look at a parade. Their team ran away, throwing both ladies out under the wheels. The old lady was fatally crushed and the young woman was so badly injured that her life is almost dispaired of.

Weavers Come to Terms.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Sept. 1.—In the early part of last week the rug weavers of the Bethlehem Merino mills quit work on the announcement of a reduction of wages. The men have returned to work, accepting the firm's terms. The weavers were recently brought here from Philadelphia.

Harrisburg Call Changes Hands.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 1.—Col. W. F. Jordon, proprietor of The Sunday Telegram, has purchased The Morning Call, which made its first appearance under his management today. Under the new regime it will be a straight out Republican paper.

Shot While Stealing Apples.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—Edward Farrell and Hugh Murphy, of Manayunk, each aged about 12 years, were stealing apples from an orchard yesterday afternoon, when Farrell was shot in the abdomen and fatally wounded.

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MR. BLAINE SPEAKS.

The Apostle of Reciprocity Explains His Creed.

PROGRESSIVE PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

The Secretary of State Addresses a Mass Meeting at Waterville, Me. Extension of Trade Better Than Territorial Acquisition.

WATERVILLE, Me., Aug. 30.—About 2,500 people assembled at a mass meeting here last night to listen to an address by Secretary James G. Blaine. After some remarks by Governor Burleigh, President Small, of Colby university, introduced Mr. Blaine as the "leader of the Republican party and a famous advocate of an interesting and progressive protective tariff."

Mr. Blaine said he was glad to speak in Waterville, since it was there he was first nominated for congress and he well remembered the gratification with which he learned that the nomination was unanimous. Referring to state affairs, he said the affairs of no other state in the Union had been more justly, more wisely and more economically administered.

In regard to the national question, I wish to declare the opinion that the United States has reached a point where one of its highest duties is to enlarge the area of its foreign trade. Under the beneficent policy of protection we have developed a volume of manufactures which, in many departments, overruns the demands of the home market.

In the field of agriculture, with the immense propulsion given it by agricultral implements, we can do far more than produce breadstuffs and provisions for our own people, nor would it be an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume or to produce only what we can eat.

There are already in many fabrics and in many products far beyond that, and our great demand is expansion of trade with countries where we can find profitable exchanges.

We are not seeking annexation of territory. Certainly we do not desire it unless it should come by the volition of a people who might ask the priceless boon of a place under the protection of the flag of the Union. I feel sure that for a long time to come the people of the United States will be wisely content with our present area and not launch upon any scheme of annexation.

Happily the great majority of our people, without strict regard to party lines, believe that the results to the American people from the protective policy has been incalculably beneficent, aggregating in a quarter of a century national and individual wealth beyond anything ever dreamed of before in the history of the world. I do not mention protection, because I intend to speak in reference thereto before this audience.

I merely wish to proclaim its victories. Without protection the United States would have been poor indeed after the ravages of the war from 1861 to 1865. With protection every section has flourished and prospered, grown and gained. Even where revenue duties have been laid with no expectation of developing industries there have in many instances been great financial and industrial results.

The heavy duty on silk was levied primarily not for protection, but simply to secure a large revenue from one of the luxuries of the rich, but as a consequence of the duty the silk industry has increased so rapidly that it constitutes one of the leading fabrics of New Jersey, one of the largest manufacturing states of the Union. I could readily advance other illustrations to the same effect.

As I have already intimated, I am here to speak of the expansion of our foreign trade, not by any novel process; not with shock to disturb home industries; not by any mode that will invite our people to rash experiments, or that will launch us in doubtful and dangerous experiments. What I mean to speak of briefly is a system of reciprocity not in conflict with a protective tariff but supplementary thereto and representing a field of enterprise that will richly repay the effort and energy of the American people.

We shall find it instructive and valuable to examine into the sources of our imports, the destination of our exports, and to strike a balance between the two. Take last year's —1889. In that year our whole exports to all the countries in the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa and to Australia, Canada and Hawaii amounted in round numbers to $658,000,000, and our imports from all these countries in round numbers to $727,000,000, showing that from that vast trade we had a balance of $129,000,000 in our favor, equivalent to that amount of gold among our people.

But when all the accounts were closed, instead of having $129,000,000 in our favor, we had a balance of $13,000,000 against us from our foreign trade. We must therefore have lost $142,000,000 in our commerce with the countries outside of those to which I have referred. Where could we have found such a large adverse balance? Let me tell you.

We lost $41,000,000 in Cuba, from which our imports were $ 2,000,000 and to which our exports were only $11,000,000. In the republic of Brazil we lost $51,000,000. Our imports from Brazil were $60,000,000; our exports to Brazil were $9,000,000. In Mexico we lost $10,000,000. Imports from Mexico were $21,000,000; our exports to Mexico were $11,000,000.

To sum it all up, our imports from countries south of us both insular and continental on this hemisphere were $216,000,000; our exports to them were $74,000,000. The balance against us in our trade with them, therefore, is $142,000,000, exceeding our gains from all the rest of the world by $1,300,000.

By no figure of speech can we flatter ourselves into the belief that our trade with our American neighbors is in a prosperous condition. How can this state of affairs be remedied? You have heard a great deal said within the past ten years by our Democratic friends about the iniquity of the Republican party keeping up the war tariff. As a matter of fact, the war tariff has not been kept up, but has been amended over and over again until the revision of 1883 left scarcely a trace of the actual tariff that was in operation at the close of the war.

We were not then studying the philosophy of trade relations but how to save the life of the nation. Money was the primal necessity and we seized it wherever we could reach it lawfully, but during the last eighteen years a great change has been made.

The inevitable tendency is, I think, towards an increase of the free list. Our great mistake was made when we began to repeal the war duties on so large an amount of imports.

Any duty repealed was a favor and an advantage to the exporting country and we have asked nothing in return.

Instead of this course, which I must say was one of careless and wastefulness by both political parties, every repeal of duty should have been preceded by a most thorough investigation; and whenever it was found practicable to export anything from the United States and thus establish reciprocity of trade it should have been done.

We encounter opposition to this policy from those who declare that if we enter into reciprocity of trade with one country we must do so with all countries, and thus indirectly bring about complete free trade.

I do not see the logic of this, and I am sure the fact will not prove what is predicted. We may enter into reciprocity with one nation because we find an advantage in it.

We may decline to enter reciprocity with another nation because we see no advantage in it.

Reciprocity is simply a policy of circumstance to be determined favorably or adversely according as its operations may make or lose for us.

A Chicago Theatre Opened.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—The new Alhambra theatre was opened last night by the Emma Juch Opera company in Faust.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Aug. 27.

McVicker's theatre, in Chicago, was nearly destroyed by fire. Loss about $125,000.

William H. McKinley was renominated for congress in the Sixteenth Ohio district.

G. J. Green, a prominent farmer living eight miles west of Carrolltown, Mo., was killed by a vicious hog. He was 75 years old.

Isidor Birge, manufacturer of artificial flowers for millinery goods at 924 Arch street, Philadelphia, has failed, with probable liabilities of $30,000.

At Carbonado, Wash., while Mrs. Mary Wilson, with her infant in her arms, was in the cemetery sitting on the grave of one of her children, a tree fell on them killing both.

The steamship City of New York beat the Teutonic over two hours on the eastward passage, arriving at Queenstown yesterday six days and forty-three minutes from New York.

Thursday, Aug. 28.

Jacob Reed, the well known Philadelphia clothier, died suddenly, aged 88.

The boat Rosa Belle was sunk in the Ohio during a storm at Owensboro, Ky.

The Minneapolis exposition was opened with an address by Governor Merriam.

The Reading's coal tonnage last week was 127,661, a decrease of 41,770 tons over the corresponding week last year.

The revised census returns show that Hartford's population is 53,230, an increase of 25 per cent. in the past decade.

Count Villanova, with a guide and porters, has perished while making an ascent of Mount Blanc. No trace of the party has been found.

The places of the striking grinders at the Russell Cutlery works, at Turner's Falls, Mass., have been filled with new men, and the works are running as usual.

The board of control of the government exhibit at the world's fair will hold its first annual meeting for organization and preparation in Washington next week.

The Western Passenger association will hold its next meeting in St. Louis on Tuesday, Sept. 9, at which time the renewal of the rates now effective will be considered.

Friday, Aug. 29.

Barletti, an Italian aeronaut, was killed at Idralla by the burning of his balloon.

The president of Salvador has thanked Spain for its efforts to restore peace in Central America.

Lieut. Millot and Lieut. Baruti fought a duel with swords at Belfort, France. Millot was fatally wounded.

The vapor stove manufacturers of the United States in session in Cleveland, succeeded in adjusting their disagreements.

According to official statistics the strength of the Farmers' Alliance in New Jersey is less than 1,000, but it is reported to be growing.

Alexander S. Baker, a prominent farmer of Lafayette, N. Y., was stung on the nose by a bee and died before a doctor could be summoned.

Lorenz Wilde, saloon keeper, of Paterson, N. J., was drugged and robbed in his saloon. The thieves escaped before he regained his senses.

Capt. Joseph Hammond, for twenty-three years custodian of Peabody Academy of Science, died suddenly in Salem, Mass., aged 84 years.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

The big camp meeting at Ocean Grove closed yesterday.

Merrill E. Gales has formally accepted the presidency of Amherst college.

One of the Leary rafts has gone ashore at Rock Island, Me., and is said to be a total loss.

Over 100,000 gallons of wine is estimated to be the product of Egg Harbor City, N. J., this season.

Many of the streams in the upper part of New Jersey are being stocked with fish by the state commissioners.

The New Jersey State Horticultural society will hold its fifteenth annual meeting in New Brunswick on Sept. 22.

Charles E. Meech, mayor of Mandan, N. D., and Democratic candidate for state auditor, died suddenly of heart disease.

John J. Brown, a banker of Broken Bow, Neb., has been missing from his home for ten days, and foul play is suspected.

Tristam Burges, past grand commander of the Knights Templar of California, died at his home near San Jose of dropsy.

The Egyptian cotton crop is expected, according to present estimates, to amount to 3,350,000 cantaras, or 146,250,000 pounds.

A colored jockey, John Davis, who was mysteriously shot at the West Side driving park, Chicago, last Wednesday afternoon, is dead.

A convention of the building and loan associations of New Jersey is to be held at Trenton on Tuesday next in reference to the new building law.

The state convention will be held by Florida Republicans this year. The state central committee met at Ocala and placed a state ticket in nomination.

Mother Monica, of the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, died at Mt. St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill. She was one of the pioneers of the order in this country.

At El Tor, where the pilgrims from Mecca are quarantined, there have been twenty-two new cases of cholera and seven deaths since last Saturday.

A change in the morocco trouble at Lynn, Mass., is the withdrawal of the shavers from Lynch Bros.' Beverly factory. Lynch Bros. were running a free shop and the Knights of Labor ordered the men out.

Monday, Sept. 1.

The Servian cabinet has resigned.

The board walk at Asbury Park was ruined by the heavy surf.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are at Saranac lake, in the Adirondacks.

King Humbert reviewed 62,000 Italian troops at Montecchaire, Lombardy.

An attempt was made to wreck the Chicago express on the New York Central road near Albany.

Fifty soldiers attached to the garrison at Glogau, Prussian Silesia, are suffering from influenza.

Population of cities—Jersey City, 163,987; Hoboken, 43,265; Trenton, 58,488; St. Louis, 451,357; Boston, 446,507.

Factory inspectors closed up the work of their convention in New York. Mrs. McEnnery was elected vice president.

Owing to an unexpected pressure of public business the president has been compelled to postpone his departure for Cresson, Pa., until some time next week, probably Wednesday.

The president has signed the meat inspection bill, the agricultural college bill, the sundry civil appropriation bill and the act providing for additional clerical force to carry into effect the dependent pension bill.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

Incendiary fires almost destroyed the town of Oxford, Ia.

An explosion occurred in a mine at Borysław, in Galicia. Eighty miners were suffocated.

Treasurer Huston says that the rumor that he is about to resign is an invention of the enemy.

A train was thrown from the track at Arrenes, France. Seventeen carriages were wrecked and several persons were killed or injured.

David F. Oliver, "Uncle Davy," one of the oldest and best known of hotel clerks, died at his home in Baltimore. He began his career at the Eutaw house in 1846.

The United States steamer Kersarge, now at New York, has been ordered to prepare for a cruise to the east coast of Central America to assist in the protection of American interests.

The president commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor the sentence in the case of John Wahpoose, an Indian convicted in Wisconsin of rape and sentenced to be hanged Sept. 30.

Seven more villages in southern Hungary have been burned. This fearful destruction by fire is due to the dryness of the buildings caused by a long season of torrid weather. Twelve persons lost their lives during the burning of Mezo-Kereczes.

Teacher—If by the use of

Wolff's ACME Blacking

you save one pair of Shoes a year, and a bottle at 15 cents lasts three months, for how many years blacking will one year's saving in shoe Leather pay?

Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores for Pik-Ron, which

WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND

Varnish at the same time.

PIK-RON

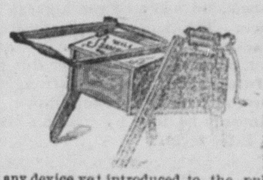
A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

100,000 FEET OF HEMLOCK, SUGAR MAPLE, white pine and walnut lumber, boards &c for sale at Tusseyville.

W. H. Runkle.

5 jun 4t



BECK'ER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easy worked and washes perfectly clean Circulars free. N. C. BAUGHMAN, YORK, Pa.

[Mention The Reporter.] May15 2m.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA
Office on second floor o Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7 a'y84

JAMES L. HAMILL,
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Spring and Summer!

—o—O—o—

Our new stock of goods for the coming seasons has arrived and are open for inspection. It comprises a great variety of novelties in

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in Dress Goods, Ginghams, etc., all selected with great precision to supply the wants and needs of our customers in quality and lowness of price. A full and complete stock of Clothing, Hats, Shirts, Underwear, etc., is on counters. We invite inspection of our stock, and we are positive that you be satisfied then of the low prices we sell our goods at.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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SPECIFICS

16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	Ophthalmy, or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
21	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing	.50
23	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
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30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
31	Painful Periods, with Spasm	.50
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One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE

Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jas. B. Winkleman, dec'd, of Walker twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. PETER NEESE, Adm'r
2864 Spring Mills, Pa.

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FOR LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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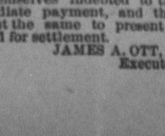
Worth $100,000. Best $25 watch in the world.—Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

Look At This!

The most complete cooking utensil ever invented.



No burned hands, no scalded scars, or disagreeable odor filling the house.

No overflow on the stoves while using these kettles. No cloths needed in handling them. They supply the long felt want. Onions, Kraut, codfish, corned beef or ham can be cooked in them without the bad smell filling the house. Every woman who sees them wants them and the men do not object to paying for them.

GEORGE M. POTTER,
22 Agent for Centre County.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL Estate.—The undersigned, executor of estate of John Goodhart, late of Gregg Township, dec'd., offers at private sale the following described real estate, situated about 2 miles west of Spring Mills, Pa., a

o——o FINE FARM o——o

Bounded by lands of Wood's Heirs, John Grove, James D. Wilson's Heirs, Mrs. M. A. Ross, Michael Tibbens, and others, containing

—— 82 ACRES AND 62 PERCHES. ——

Thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Buggy Shed, and all necessary outbuildings all of which are in good repair. There is a good young orchard of the choicest fruit on this farm. A good cistern at the house, and also a cistern at the barn. 73 acres of the above farm are cleared and enclosed with good fences, and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Hemlock. Persons desiring to purchase will find this farm beautifully located, being near the L. & T. R. R., near churches, post office, grist mill, stores, etc. Climate healthy.

For terms apply to WILLIAM GOODHART,
2064 Executor, Farmers Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Elizabeth Snyder, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES A. OTT,
2161 Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 a m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 36 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
" "	Renovo	8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	New York	12 15 a m
" "	Philadelphia	4 20 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	New York	6 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg	12 15a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
" "	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
" "	Renovo	5 15 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 40 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia	4 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg	7 30 p m
" "	Montandon	9 34 p m
" arrives at	Williamsport	10 30 p m

Sunday Train.—Williamsport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a m
" "	Montandon	9 17 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
" "	Renovo	10 15 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 15 p m
" "	Montandon	1 14 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 p m
"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo	4 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 35 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 40 p m
" "	Montandon	7 42 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	3 00 p m
" "	Renovo	10 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 25 p m
" "	Williamsport	12 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 29 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 22 a m
"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport	1 20 a m
" "	Montandon	2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

*Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A M.	A M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P M.	P M
2 0	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 51	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 59	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 08	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 16	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 22	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 30	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.

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to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed
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1529 Arch Street, Phila'a, Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Head ache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all *Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

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"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

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Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons, who have tried their treatment

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Member of Congress, Phila
Rev. Victor L. Codrad, Ed. Luth. Observer, Phila
Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
J. Moore, Sup. Police, Blanforn, Dorsetshire, Eng.
Jacob Ward, Bowral, New South Wales.
And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

—o—

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Please mention this paper when you order Com Oxygen.

— The REPORTER and the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph one year free to a new subscriber, clubing with a present subscriber. The two papers for $1.50 a year in advance to each. The Chronicle Telegraph is a large 8 page weekly contains all the telegraphic news, full market reports and other choice reading Two papers for the price of one. Send in your name early and make sure of this splendid offer!

MY BABY'S FEET.

Within my palm, like rose leaves, dainty sweet
I fold, with tenderest love, two little feet;
Two little feet, twin flowerets, come to bring
To mother's heart the first sweet breath of spring.
Wearied with play, at last they lie at rest.
One satin sole against its fair mate pressed.
Dear little feet, fain would this hand e'er shield
Thy tender flesh from thorns which lie concealed
Along the path that, stretching through the years,
Leads on to God through joy and silent tears.
O! would that I could pluck from thy dear way
Whate'er might tempt those little feet to stray,
What, though my hands be torn by thorn and stone,
The joy for all my pain would soon atone;
If but thy mother planned thy life for thee,
No other path as bright as thine should be.
But what am I, that I my love should count
Greater than that of Him who is love's fount—
Who sent from Heaven these dainty baby feet
To make thy mother's love and life complete?
What truer hand than His could mark thy path?
What greater love than God, thy Father hath?
What greater wisdom shield thee from all strife?
What greater mercy grant eternal life?
When shadows come and clouds obscure thy way,
He knows that darkness only heralds day.
If bruised thy flesh, though mother's heart may bleed,
He, in his mercy, knows thy greatest need.
Then, little feet, though mother's prayers must rise
In love and trust, that never doubt implies,
That God thy steps may lead in ways aright,
And keep thy soul from sin's unholy blight,
I'll leave thy future in His hands alone,
And know, at last, he'll bring thee safely home.

—*Religious Herald.*

A STORY OF A STAR.

EDITH ABELL.

In her little white bed, hung with pretty lace curtains, lay Ethel listening to a song her mamma sang as she put the nursery in order for the night. She left the curtains open that Ethel might look out and see the stars and the moon before she fell asleep. Ethel liked the moon best, but it was not always in the sky at night for her to see, but the dear little stars were always there unless it rained, and they were so bright, and they winked so funny—just like Uncle Harry when he played with her and told her merry stories. Ah, if she could only reach them! Ever since she had first seen a star she had wished to get near enough to it to touch it, to hold it in her hands and to have it for a new plaything. But somehow she never could have a star. She had a great many lovely dolls and a doll house and chairs and tables, tea-sets and a closet full of costly toys, but they were not like the stars.

Her mamma came to her side, saying, "Ethel must now say her prayers and go to sleep." Then she laid her face beside Ethel's and both said "Our Father," and "God bless papa and mamma;" "and the stars," Ethel always wanted to say, but did not because her mamma had only taught her to ask the blessing on her parents. Then mamma kissed her and left her for the night.

There was nothing Ethel liked better than being told stories. As she looked out of the window at her friends, the stars, it seemed to her they were alive. What pleasant little friends they were! She thought she must talk to them and tell them some stories; they might then come near enough to hear her. She would talk first with the brightest one that she had heard her mother call Venus. It was rather a pretty name, Ethel thought. So she began:

"Once upon a long, long time ago, Venus, when I was a very little girl"—

Venus came nearer, so as to hear Ethel better. She seemed to be walking down a very long, narrow and shining path and the nearer she came the prettier she looked. She was even prettier than mamma, only she hadn't that nice smile mamma had. Her dress was yellow and her hair was yellow and she was as bright as the moon. She came right in through the window, which she didn't open. Ethel thought that was very queer. *She* couldn't go through any window that was shut. And she didn't think she wanted to try, because pussy, who became frightened one day, went through the glass and broke it, and she cut her dear little pink nose. Now Venus didn't break the glass and she didn't hurt her pretty nose either; that was very strange, Ethel thought.

Ethel sat up in her crib and stretched out her hands to Venus: "O, you dear lovely, bright Venus!" she cried. "I have wished for you *so* long, and now you have really come down to play with me and tell me all about yourself, haven't you?"

Venus nodded and shook out her golden hair. "Dear Ethel," she said, "I know all your thoughts up there in the sky, and when a nice quiet night came, I said I would come down and chat with you. I wish you could go back with me. We stars have such a nice time! We play (that's when you see us twinkle) and we dance with the clouds—you can see us rush along with them, can't you? And we make chains of tiny little stars that we catch as they fly by. Your folks call them meteors, but that's not at all a pretty name for our toys."

"O, yes," said Ethel, "I know—those are the stars that fly along and go out."

"No," said Venus, "they don't go out. We catch and hide them from each other, and such fun we have finding them! But we cannot always have them. Some summer nights when it is very hot we find ever so many."

"I thought those were fire-flies," said Ethel.

"No, they are our star balls, and there is a time in winter when we have to put on our mittens and play. But we can always play ball with them; they have rough, bright edges that don't hurt and we catch them easier than you do your balls. Aunt Cassiopeia, who doesn't leave her chair, looks after us, and she is very kind and holds us in her lap if we fall down and hurt ourselves, but we don't fall often. We had a nice, dear little play-mate, one of the little Pleiades girls. She fell down, poor little thing, and slipped through a hole in the sky, and we've never found her since, though Uncle Ri has hunted everywhere for her."

"Perhaps," said Ethel, "she tumbled down on the earth and some nice little girl has her for a playmate."

"O, no," said Venus, "we all know how to get back from here, and besides, we should see her here; we have such bright eyes we can see every one."

"Venus," said Ethel, "I wish you had brought one of the meteors to play with. It must be such a pretty toy. I never had one."

"Well," said Venus, looking around, "I think perhaps this room is rather small to have a real good time with one. You see they fly pretty far, and one might fly out of the window and get lost, and then if some boy found it he would have to put it back in the sky, and perhaps he wouldn't know how to get up there."

Ethel thought that was quite likely. She asked Venus then if she should be a very good girl, would she not come some warm night when there were a great many meteors and carry her up to the great fields where the stars and Aunt Cassiopeia were, and let her play with them all.

Venus said, "Yes, if she could walk along the path, but it was only just wide enough for her feet and Ethel might fall over."

"What do you do, Venus, dear, when there is a dreadful thunder storm?"

"O," replied she, "there's nothing we like better than thunder storms; they are our fireworks. You see the wrong side of them, but we see the right side and they are very handsome—better than those you have on the Fourth of July. We always have them on our birthdays and on holidays."

"And where do you go day times? I never see you then," said Ethel.

"Well, Aunt Cassiopeia puts some of to bed, though some of us go round on the other side of the world to see our cousins and relations there. We don't have as good a time as we used to have, because a great many men have taken long things they call telescopes and are always staring hard at us. We don't like it at all."

"I shouldn't like it either. I'm sure I couldn't play it men stared at us when we rnn about the garden."

Here Venus began to look uneasily around her. "Dear Ethel," she said, "I think daybreak is near, it is growing so light, and I musn't lose my path home; it will all fade away in the sunshine and I shall get lost here." And she bound up her golden locks, kissed Ethel and promised to come back some other night.

She slid through the window and vanished along the path of light. Poor little Ethel grieved to lose her friend and stretched out her hands crying and calling, "Venus, dear, dear Venus, come back to me!" She cried so hard she awoke and found herself lying in her mother's lap by the fireside.

"What does my little girl want?" said her mamma.

Ethel tried to tell her about Venus and her visit, but fell asleep again before she could say much, and her smiling mamma tucked her up again in her pretty crib, drew the window curtains and she only awoke to see the sunshine.

Venus's little path was quite gone when she looked, but she saw her up in the sky the next night, and she fancied the star smiled and winked at her, but she never came again.—*American Agriculturist.*

Exact and Truthful.

Tommy is a very literal boy. He is quite capable of "standing on the burning deck," like that other lad who interpreted a command according to the letter of the law, until he should be roasted and toasted to a crisp.

"Don't take off your rubbers Tommy," said his mother one morning, as she left him running about the wet lawn, and that night when she returned from her visit, and looked into Tommy's room, a strange sight met her gaze. The new Casabianca was fast asleep in his little bed, and from beneath the clothes were sticking two black feet bedaubed with mud.

Tommy had not taken off his rubbers! How was it possible to corrupt so obedient a child by telling him that he should have used his judgment?

It is well understood in the family that the children are not to eat cake. Tommy, visiting at an aunt's, remembered this on the first morning of his stay.

"Will you have a piece of Johnny cake?" asked Aunt Laura.

"I can't if you call it *that*," said he, honestly. "I'm not allowed to eat cake, but I could if you named it corn bread."

One morning the little boy's mother chanced to touch his hand, and was surprised to find if icy cold.

"Why, Tommy!" said she, beginning to chafe it. "Are your feet like this?"

"No'm," said he, a little surprised. "My feet are larger, and have shorter fingers on 'em, and more meat. Not at all like it, mamma!"

A Happy and Favored Spider.

Far up in the corner of my room is a big black cobweb, and a big black spider dwells therein. He has dwelt there quite a year now, and although many surreptitious feminine glances of horror at the wretched housekeeping of some people steal up to that corner my happy spider is never disturbed. I think he almost loves me now; he comes down often, dropping inch by inch, by a thin golden thread, and he runs rapidly and twinkling-legged over my table and papers, pausing for moments at a time to look at me with bright, unwinking eyes and motionless body.

Happy, happy fellow! He has his health, his spirits, and his home with a tiny sweetheart locked therein, where no covetous eyes may find her. What more could he ask to make him happy? But one day—ah, me!—some one else will come into this room with an alert eye for cobwebs and a strong hand to remove them, and then—then—when he is homeless and friendless and hopeless my spider may understand how right down good I was to him.

HIS PUNISHMENT—Mother—"Bobby, the teacher sends word to me that you are a very bad boy. You don't learn your lessons, and you are late at school, and you whisper and play during school hours. Now, what shall I do with you?"

Bobby—"I'm pretty wicked, ain't I?"

Mother—"Yes, Bobby, you are."

Bobby—"Well, mamma, if you've got to do something with me, you'd better let me go to the circus. I know seven other very wicked boys who are going."

THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

COMPOSED OF HINDOO, MAHOMETAN AND PARSEE.

National Aspirations—The Pundita Ramabai Speaks For Hindoo Women.

The recent National Congress of India held its sittings in an immense tent at Byculla, one of the northern precincts of the lordly city of Bombay. A huge canvas admitted more than 4000 persons to its grateful shade. The interior was arranged like an amphitheatre, with crimson hangings, and the columns of support were decorated with red, green and gilt. Here in concentric rows sat thousands of native people, their red, white, pink and purple turbans, with here and there the gilded turbans of Mahometan or the black hat of a Parsee, with the many white garments, made a most picturesque scene. The dark faces were full of intelligence and aglow with enthusiasm. And the Hindu or Mahometan or Parsee of such an assemblage as is the "chosen of the people" is an exceedingly handsome man, particularly if he wear his native dress.

Expectancy was at its highest pitch, when, precisely at the hour appointed, a little band of men was seen making its way through the aisle at the right, preceded by a long line of ushers with gilt rods. Here were Sir William Wedderburn, who had come from England to preside over the congress; Mr. Hume, its promoter; and Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., who has earned the title, through his advocacy of measures for the benefit of this country, of "Member for India," and who is now a revered visitor to this people. There was clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and hearty English hurrahs from Hindu throats, as the Englishmen mounted the platform and took their seats. Confusion there was none in that great audience from its beginning to its end. No meaningless stamping or shuffling of feet, a fact explained by the reason that everybody was barefoot.

The proceedings opened with a patriotic address by the chairman of the reception committee, Mr. Pherozesha Mehta, a Pasree, and a most eloquent speaker. He referred to the political bonds which hold together such a diversity of peoples in the great America republic, and expressed the belief that the people of India were also "on the way to a common national existence." He was followed by a Mahometan gentleman, who had a most peculiar and amusing fashion of shrieking his emphasis in long sentences, standing on one foot while he did so, and giving a jump at the end, but who also commanded much respect and attention, although he reminded one of nothing so much as a grain of parching corn. The Mahometan was followed by a Brahmin (the highest Hindoo caste), who supported the motion, calling Sir William Wedderburn to the chair. Thus three nationalities had their representation, to be followed by the fourth, and the excellent address of Sir William.

Day by day it grew warmer while the congress lasted, and the pretty crimson hangings on the outside of the pavilion changed to a pale pink under the hot sun. From the first the English residents of Bombay were conspicuous by their absence, and the Times of India tried in vain to prove that other nationalities were poorly represented. Day by day, however, the delegates came up fresh and clear in their snowy garments as though no inconvenience to them resulted from the extreme heat. On the last afternoon, when enthusiasm was high, contributions began to flow in for the expenses of maintaining the Congress. Forty-five thousand rupees were asked for, but bag after bag of silver was brought up by excited delegates, promise after promise given, until a glittering pile of silver coins lay on the floor and a rough count showed sixty-two thousand rupees, Mr. Hume, who had every year supplied deficits from his own purse, tried to thank the audience, when for fifteen minutes he was unable to say a word, the cheering was so hearty and prolonged.

In the social conference there was much discussion about the postponement of the marriageable period for girls to the age of twelve years; also the passage of a law forbidding the disfigurement of a widow by shaving her head before the age of eighteen, and then only with her full consent. Here was an opportunity for the Pundita Ramabai (a recent visitor to the United States), whose work for the education of widows is gradually growing in public esteem. As the little white-robed figure rose in the great crowd, men eagerly crowded forward to get within reach of her voice, and there was considerable confusion. As soon as quiet was restored, the soft voice was heard to say, "It is not at all strange, my countrymen, that my voice is small and weak, since this is the first time a woman has been allowed to exercise her voice among you."

As the laughter subsided, she went on earnestly, making a motion that the age for shaving the head be limited to no period, but an attempt be made to abolish the custom altogether, and painting in glowing words the shame and mortification of young women with shaven heads, and she had never met with one who was willing to have her head shaved. She had been told that a widow's long hair bound her husband in hell, but did not see how that could be. She would like to know, however, how many men would shave their heads on the death of their wives. "If you come to the conclusion," she exclaimed, "not to disfigure your widows, you may find your women, like the Spartan dames of old, ready to cut off their tresses and give to their husbands as bow-strings." There was much amusement and cheering at her naive way of putting the widow's case before them, and not a few were moved to tears as she affectingly described the suffering of her unfortunate sisters.

Pundita Ramabai is a unique figure in this stirring community of Bombay, and there is no doubt, if her life be spared, that she will live in history as one of the great reformers of the age, as she is one of its most remarkable women. Her position among her people is rather peculiar; because of her change of faith the orthodox Hindoo fears and distrusts her. He is inclined to associate all kinds of chicanery and deceit with the adherents of Christianity. The native Christian, with the English or American missionary, entertains the same feeling, because her methods are not his methods, and because she does not share his contempt for her ancestral religion.

The educated men of the Hindoos, however, treat her with great respect—by the educated, meaning the more advanced. At the close of her address before the Social Conference, friends and strangers crowded around her, and one man said to her, "I have given up my religion, will you tell me of yours?" It is not uncommon, either, for her to be reverently approached by some one, with hands pressed together at his forehead, in token of the highest reverence. The American people are familiar with her remarkable career, which promises even greater things in the future; but there is a strong wall of prejudice to be broken down, and it can only be done by "simple living, on a lofty level."

Poultry-Yard Police.

In the eastern aviary at the Zoological Gardens among a very varied assortment of birds, are a pair of cariamas, says the London Daily News. These birds have something the look of the secretary vulture, as they perambulate their cage in a dignified fashion; at intervals they startle their neighbors by uttering a series of piercing shrieks, which seem quite uncalled for, and do not appear to be produced by any cause, except sometimes by a spirit of rivalry, provoked by the equally loud screams of another bird which lives in an adjoining cage, and is appropriately named "the Screamer."

As both birds hail from South America they probably have had many opportunities of such friendly contests for supremacy, and the visitor as he retires deafened by too close proximity to the cage will be quite unable to decide which has the loudest voice.

The cariama is one of those birds which does not fit into any system; some ornithologists look upon it as a crane, while to others it seems to have an unmistakably hawk-like appearance; finally, its name, which is more properly, and perhaps therefore more rarely, written "seriema," seems to signify "little Rhea."

There is thus a wide field for speculation about the relations of the cariama, which are at the best only very distant. It is indeed, a very "friendless" bird, and the most careful search into the fossil bird remains of South America has failed to bring to light any ancestral form which might give a clue to its affinities.

Though probably of ancient and respectable descent, its origin remains a mystery. The cariama is so far unlike a hawk that it has the greatest dislike of quarrelsome birds. This feeling, coupled with the fact that it is very easily tamed, has led to its introduction into poultry yards, where it performs the duties of a policeman.

If two young cocks simultaneously inspired with a passion for the same hen attempted to settle their differences by an appeal to the duel, the cariama quickly steps in between the rival lovers and insists upon a friendly termination of the quarrel by a series of pecks directed impartially at the heads of both.

A Disgusted Count.

Count Gleichen's "Twelve Hours in New York" is a brief but delicious page in the diary of that humorous observer. He reached the Jersey City Station in the morning, and timed his arrival so as to allow a whole day to see the beauties of that city. He paid half a dollar to the hotel "busman," who declined to take his bag in for him. The colored servants seemed equally supercilious. As he was not sleeping at the hotel he was told that a bath would cost two dollars and a half, and the man at the "trunks bureau," *Anglice* cloak-room, eased him of a quarter of a dollar for taking care of his bag.

The Count then went in an omnibus—a one-horse one—to Central Park, which he describes as a weird-looking "piece of wooded ground, intersected by paths which run up and down and underneath artificial hills and rockeries and you are forbidden to go on the grass." The pavement, the policemen, and the post-boxes nailed to telegraph poles amazed Count Gleichen. He drank at the Hoffman House bar, and went back to the Metropolitan for dinner, where, on the principle of eating foreign food in foreign lands, he ordered clam soup, pumpkin pie, hominy, buckwheat cakes, sweet potatoes, very nasty wild turkey and cranberries.

He then went to Daly's Theatre and paid a dollar and a half for ten minutes' drive to the Britannic.

Count Gleichen, who had just returned from Canada, regrets that he did not spend the day there. After accounts had him to regret that he did not dine at Delmonico's. Many people will agree with the first regret and congratulate the Count on having lost an opportunity of making still bitterer reflections on New York City and its "goings on."

People who are purse-proud set the exact mark of their intrinsic value.

PRESIDENTS' NICKNAMES.

TITLES GIVEN TO THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVES.

Washington "The American Cincinnatus." "Independence Forever" Adams.

"The American Cincinnatus!"

This grand appellation was the sole pseudonym that the American people ever found suitable to the traits and characteristics of George Washington, the first President of the United States.

Mr. Thackery attempted to furnish material in a certain portrait which he has drawn of Washington, for a nickname of another sort, much less dignified, but the popular canonization, even in England, of the great man had too long before begun, and the hints of the satirist were universally rejected.

The fondness for designating each President of the United States by some name supposed to be appropriate by the public was not developed until Washington had gone to the silent, undiscovered country.

John Adams called himself "a President of three votes." He was known long after his death by a certain title which he also supplied himself indirectly.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1826, an individual who was chosen to give the oration of the Fourth of July at Quincy, John Adams's home, called at the house of Mr. Adams and asked him to propose for him a subject as a patriotic toast, to be drank after the oration.

"I will give you one, the noblest you could choose," said the philosophic President, forgetting for the nonce the restraint and frigid dignity of his manner:

"Independence forever!"

The words were reported in the slow way of the time, but the people, as soon as the phrase came to their ears, applied it at once as appropriate to the philosophic grandeur of the character of John Adams.

No one ever presumed to think of a nickname in connection with the name of Jefferson, notwithstanding his simplicity eulogized as democratic—practically, the greatest foe of undue familiarity in the world.

He himself baptized his favorite plants, and gave them names to suit his classical fancy; but none ever dared to dub him with a nickname.

James Madison was never known other than as one—the least—of Jefferson's "political family," as it was called.

James Monroe was known as a man of such purity and simplicity, his manners were so touchingly complaisant and appealing, that he won friends and not a single enemy. No one ever had the heart to designate him by any disrespectful name.

John Quincy Adams was called, almost from the beginning of his political career, "Tribune of the People." "Columbus" and "Publicola" were other names that were given him by the people.

Neither Jackson nor Van Buren were given distinctive names, but Jackson's great victory at New Orleans gave occasion for many heroic titles which were used during his life, but none of them have been preserved to go down to posterity with the fame of their possessor.

President Taylor was never known by any other name than "Zach." It seemed to his countrymen to convey a perfect idea of the fidelity and rare persistence of the man.

General Pierce was called Frank. His qualities were negative—a great virtue in a President of the Republic.

President Pierce had a peculiarly unfelicitous manner in making promises. Any one who came to him was sure to be told that he should receive just what he desired in the way of office. Possibly the name Frank, short, insignificant, gave just the meaning necessary to express the estimate formed by the people of their president.

President Buchanan was always known as "Buck," "Bucky," and "Breck," a happy reference to Mr. Breckinridge, were familiar and oft-repeated words in the fifties.

General William Henry Harrison's appellation, "Tippecanoe," is immortal.

A reflected immortality belongs to the hyphenated name given to President Tyler.

Abraham Lincoln had many nicknames; they were given by different classes of the citizens of the United States. They were homely, most of them, but they all possessed one great Homeric propriety — appropriateness and absolute epigrammatic force and power of definition.

The man was one of the people, grander in intellect than most of them, but of such simplicity and soundness of heart that his fellow-countrymen had no difficulty in choosing names to express their appreciation of his genius by familiar means.

"Grover" and "Sire," the one undue familiarity of the people, the other reverently applied by Mr. Cleveland's celebrated private secretary were the titles under which the ex-President most often appeared before the public during his administration.

President Harrison has been supplied with a nickname by the citizens and and youth, especially of the city of New York.

"White Wings" is the pseudonym that has been given him. Its application is obscure, unless it is to be imagined as descriptive, figuratively, of the present President's extreme pallor of face.

In the Aberdeen district in North Scotland, latitude 57 degrees, it is too cold to grow corn, yet this region produces some of the finest cattle in the world. They are fed largely on barley, oats and rye.

Our Paris Letter.

Long live summer!

When we think of the many and varied pleasures which this season brings to us, not the least of which is the grand opportunity of displaying our many charming and elegant costumes, we can truthfully echo the above cry; but at the same time we hastily stifle a sigh of regret as the thought quickly follows, that the summer is now on the wane and will soon be counted among the pleasures to be remembered, not to be anticipated.

White costumes, not alone of muslins, silks and cottons, but also of wool materials are in great favor and universally worn.

They will continue to be *a la mode* till late in the fall and even then, so popular are they, they will not be entirely abandoned.

All grey colors, especially those of the clear dove tint so greatly loved by artists, still stand high in favor not only for house, but *fete*, coaching and driving costumes. Silver and steel passementerie have been used in trimming these soft aesthetic grays, but now white is chosen in silk mull, marabout, braid and lace borders.

An elegant costume of silver grey, made by one of our leading houses for a garden *fete*, had a round skirt embroidered on the bottom of the left side with a boquet of jessamine flowers tied with a white ribbon. The corsage was draped in pleats across the chest, and fastened under the left arm in a manner completely invisible. On the left side of the corsage, near the shoulder, was embroidered another boquet of jessamines.

Around the waist was a small sash pleated in the centre of both back and front.

The sleeves were of white faille, very full on the shoulder, but not so high as they have been worn. The fullness of the sleeves, or rather their height, was laid over the shoulder so that it completely covered it, almost to the neck. This style of mounting the sleeve is quite new and has a very original effect, one that will not, we imagine, be much employed

A carriage dress of white *crepon* was very simply made; the skirt was plain and finished with three narrow rows of gold galloon studded with jet nails, the lowest row of galloon being placed close to the bottom edge of the skirt. The corsage was gathered at the waist and a band of gold galloon, like that on the skirt only broader, encircled the waist. A collarette of white *crepe lisse* fell over the shoulders, headed by the same galloon, three rows of which trimmed the white silk sleeves at the waist.

The capote, which accompanied this costume, was formed of three bands of gold galloon studded with jet, and a fourth band passed from side to side beneath the chin; the garniture was two clusters of black plumes, one placed in front, the other in the back. The parasol was of white silk with inserted medallions of lace and finished on the edge with a deep flounce of white lace.

Jackets are very much worn here this season; the newest models have tight fitting backs, and straight fronts to be fastened or left open at will, in which case the insides of the fronts, forming revers when opened, are lined with fancy silk, or are embroidered or braided.

These jackets were mentioned in our last Paris letter.

They are made in fine black cloth, although grey in the soft, dark shades is much sought for. Among the most stylish jackets, are those having the sleeves and revers ornamented with fancy embroidery. Military cloth is generally used for these.

There is still such a demand for the sailor hat that milliners are employing them for dress hats, using the simple, low-crowned shapes for delicate creations in black nets and shirred tulle.

Black lisse on invisible wire in sailor shape, and trimmed with folds and loops of lisse, gold passementerie, blackbirds, and long, gold pins.

Cream-colored straw hats have bands of gold or silver galloon with clusters of white ostrich tips and fancy jeweled pins as ornaments.

For garden *fetes*, are found dainty sailor hats of cream-white *crepe* shirred on gold wires, with loops of the *crepe* and pleatings of gold lace as garniture.

The fashion now is to knot the hair. It is drawn upon the crown of the head, tied invisibly, parted and knotted in a double Grecian or Alsatian bow. This arrangement is very pretty and becoming to most all faces. The almost invisible fringes of fine, soft, naturally curly hair worn on the forehead, are extremely light, not injurious, and require only a few tiny pins to fasten them securely to the natural hair.

FELICIE LESLIE.

Snuffers.

"Here burns my candle out."

Our grandmothers set great store by silver snuffers, particularly if upon them were rich traceries of bud and bloom; that their value was enhanced by the ownership of a delicately graven silver tray goes without saying, and a place of honor was given them on the high mantel-piece of drawing-room or best parlor.

Since candles are greatly in request at the present time for fete-day evening entertainments, these pretty adjuncts must of necessity follow; new patterns will be called for, and ancient designs reproduced, and much time and study will be given by skilful craftsmen to insure "perfection of elegance."

A Boy's Prayer.

Smart children's sayings are rather overdone, but there was a good deal of diplomacy about a little fellow who prayed long and earnestly for a double ripper. Finally his mother told him that perhaps God didn't think best for him to have a double ripper, and his next prayer was formed a little differently, "O Lord, please send me two sleds and a board."

WHATEVER doubt there may be in regard to morality being taught, there is no doubt about people being wicked, and the fact that a man can be taught wickedness proves that nature is not responsible for all men's acts.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Read, Cut Out and Paste in Your Scrap Book for Reference.

Horse Stables Should Be Roomy—Farm Savings—Various Methods, Notes and Recipes for the Farmer and His Wife and His Children, and The Towa Folks.

Stables for Horses.

To stand in a narrow stall day after day is not conducive to either comfort or health, writes Henry Stewart. It cramps and stiffens the muscles and wearies the animal. A large stall in which the horse may be left loose is far better for the animal which is able to move about and exercise the muscles. A single close stall should be cleaned every morning, as the droppings collect in a bunch and the liquid soon forms a puddle. But this does not happen in a box or loose stall, and if sufficient litter is used to keep the horse clean, the manure may remain in the stall until it is a foot deep. If a peck of land plaster is scattered over the floor occasionally and litter enough to keep the horse clean and dry is used, the stable will be much less odorous than one with the common stalls cleaned every day; and indeed from all odors whatever. These loose, roomy stalls are excellent for mares and colts. The manger should be raised high enough to prevent manure being dropped in it. The use of such stalls for horses and cows both during several years past has proved convenient, comfortable and economical, and it completely avoids the common danger of horses being cast and injured, as is likely in the common narrow stalls with halter fastenings.

Save Everything.

The saving of the various substances that are supposed to possess no value, by adding them to the manure heap, amounts to a large item in the course of a year. There is nothing grown on the farm, either by seeding for the crop or voluntary growth of weeds, that will not contribute something to the fertility of the soil if the materials are appropriated to the purposes for which they are adapted. Even weeds can be made useful in enriching the soil.

Cutting Potatoes for Seed.

There is no more sense in calling the small, immature tip end of a potato to the "seed end" than in applying that name to the snout of an ear of corn, says the Mirror and Farmer, and it would be more rational to cut off the tip end and throw it away and plant the body of the potato; and this is done by some of the best farmers. If the object is to get the most from a given amount of seed, cut to one eye and put one in a hill. But it is probable that two of these pieces in hills a little father apart would give more per acre.

On cold, wet soil, small pieces are more apt to rot. Some varieties spread or bush more than others, and some will produce several stalks from one eye. It is an axiom that like produces like, and if we want large potatoes we should plant large ones. Not whole, necessarily, for we do not use the whole tree when we graft, yet we get the perfect fruit; nor do we hear of potatoes growing in slices from cut seed. There is no vegetable product that may not be improved by seed selection, and all results in potato culture which seem to favor small potatoes or oppose large ones for planting, are probably due to some outside cause that is not taken into consideration. The arguments against planting whole tubers are, that they give too many plants in a hill, thereby crowding them and insuring a large proportion of small potatoes; and whole potatoes are more apt to remain sound, and in that condition they furnish no food to the young plant.

Shipping Dressed Poultry.

The prices obtained for poultry will depend largely on the condition in which they are when they reach the market, and the owner should endeavor to make them as presentable as possible. Dressed poultry should be killed by sticking them in the throat, through the mouth, the point of the knife touching the brain, which will kill them instantly. The bird should then be quickly stripped of feathers while warm, and then carefully picked over for pin feathers. No scalding should be done, but the "dry picked" process should be adopted in all instances. As the crops should be empty no food should be given them within twenty-four hours of the killing time. When the pin feathers are all removed throw the chicken into ice cold water, to remain an hour; then take it out, wipe dry, and pack in clean boxes or barrels, using straw between the layers, but no paper. Simply pack the birds, and do not remove entrails, feet or head.

An Extraordinary Cow.

George W. Kirker, who lives nine miles southwest of Delano, and two miles east of Poso, Cal., has a cow that takes the bakery for milk and butter, and shows just how profitable the dairy business is in that section. Mr. Kirker has kept a close account with her cowship for a year past, giving her credit for all the milk, and keeping account of all butter sold. The sales of the year amount to $115, which is proof enough of the profits The cow is a full-blood Jersey.

Blood Will Tell.

As evidence that "blood will tell" the Texas Stockman cites the fact that only in the extreme north and south ends of Texas are "straight Texas calves" found. When one is found among a bunch of feed cattle it can be told from those containing a little improved blood by the effect the feed has. The grade calf improves rapidly on feed while the Texas calf remains in the same old rut. The Texas cow and the Mustang pony both require the infusion of new blood to make them any account.

Egyptian Corn.

A Kern county, California, farmer states that last June he sowed 800 acres of land with Egyptian corn. In October he harvested 300 acres of it, obtaining thirty-six sacks or about two tons per acre. Into the remaining 500 acres 800 head of cattle were turned, and in about a month they had trodden it all down so that it looked like a field of harvest-past cornstalks, but the ground was covered almost white with the threshed out kernels. Twelve hundred hogs were then turned in, and they are said to-day to be the finest, largest, laziest and fattest hogs in the state.

Lime Fertilizer.

Lime has the advantage of being beneficial at all seasons, though its effects in the soil may not be immediate. It never injures land if properly applied, and though its results may be unsatisfactory at first, yet the effects are lasting, the time supplied this year proving beneficial in the future. Lime is cheap and should be used freely.

Household and Farm Notes.

The average duration of the cow's service as a milker is estimated at eight years among the well-managed dairies, but individual cows often milk well until aged.

Manure is more valuable when the liquids and solids have been saved together. Neither is a complete fertilizer alone, but together they supply all the demands of crops.

A Vermont fruit-grower suggests that as wire netting is not costly it might pay to cover cherry trees and other fruit trees that have their fruit eaten by birds with such wire.

A Warren county, Iowa, farmer has just finished digging potatoes. Out of 400 bushels taken from the ground in the past few days only five bushels were found to have been frost bitten.

Silk, of all grades and colors, can be washed in clear water which is poured off from grated raw potatoes. Dip a piece of silk in this water and wipe them on both sides with a coarse towel.

Bright yellow butterflies are among the most decorative things that can be made out of silk muslin. Perched on a picture frame or—by daylight only on a lampshade, they are lovely artistic bits.

A good way to wash kid gloves. Spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Rub toward the fingers with a flannel dipped in milk and well soaped. Then rub well and dry. The gloves will be soft and clean.

To roughen the surface of glass, place some emery powder upon the surfaces of one glass and moisten it; take another glass and rub the two surface together. This will make the kind of glass used for transparent slates.

The garden is neglected on the farm, and many farmers do not cultivate a plot for a garden. The luxuries of farming can only be obtained by those farmers who grow vegetables and fruits as well as staple crops of grain and grass.

An Iowa farmer states that the easiest way to raise willow, whitewood and silver leaf poplar trees is to open a furrow, lay long branches in it and then cover them with a plow. Being surrounded by moist earth the branches do not become dry even in times of drought, but send up sprouts that become trees. In a dry season cuttings taken from these trees do not form roots.

Scrap-Book Receipes.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—A dessertspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, if drank immediately, is a simple but efficient remedy for poison.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Cream one cup of sugar with half a cup of butter; add half a cup of hot, not scalded, milk; beat one egg, and pour on top, flavoring to taste.

VINEGAR TAFFY—Two cupsful of brown sugar, one-half a cupful of butter, four tablespoonsful of molasses, two tablespoonsful of water and two of vinegar; boil twenty minutes.

FLAX-SEED SYRUP FOR COLDS.—Boil flax-seed until water becomes slimy, then strain, sweeten with powdered rock candy and juice of fresh lemons. Dose, wineglassful when cough is troublesome.

CANNED PEA SOUP.—Mash a can of peas through a colander and add them to a quart of milk that is boiling over the fire. Season with pepper and salt and thicken with four teaspoonfuls of flour rubbed in an ounce of butter. Serve with croutons.

LADY FINGERS—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, beaten together, one egg, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, flavor with vanilla, cut into strips, and bake in a quick oven; roll and press out with the hands instead of with a rolling-pin.

WHEAT GEMS.—One-half tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, 1½ cups of wheat flour, a little salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. This recipe makes twelve gems. It can be doubled for a larger quantity.

CARAMELS—One cupful of molasses, two cupsful of sugar, boil ten minutes; then add one tablespoonful of flour dissolved in a very little milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half a pound of chocolate; boil about thirty minutes; pour into a buttered dish, and, when partly cold, mark into squares.

DRIED PEA CHOPS.—Soak over night some dried peas; in the morning boil them, mash them with a lump of butter, pepper, salt and a bit of mint chopped fine; add bread crumbs and a beaten egg; stir well, form into chops, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry till brown; serve with sliced lemon or mint sauce.

BEEF SOUP.—Boil one small beef bone in about four quarts of water; when it has boiled three hours add two onions, two turnips and four potatoes, chopped; two tablespoonfuls of barley, two tablespoonfuls of rice, season with salt and white pepper; boil one hour longer, and just before serving add a tablespoonful of chopped celery.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York.

The first American library was founded in Harvard College in 1638.

A Prayer.

Father of light, if we could only know
In surety that the little good we do
Served in its way to help some other soul,
And that our piteous habit here below
Of hoping what our aching hearts want true
Would some time bring us to the longed-for goal,
Then would our way seem hopeful, clear and sweet,
And we would journey on with willing feet.
Is it so much, this guerdon that we ask?
New fear as heavy as new-broken wings
Hangs on us, lest we do unconscious wrong;
But if upon us groping at our tasks
Came the clear light that this assurance brings,
There would be comfort for us sweet as song,
And radiance, and the breath of peace be there,
Like soft leaf-whisperings echoing everywhere.

—Francis E. Sheldon.

He Couldn't Say.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure it out for yourself."—Merchant Traveler.

Progress of Cremation.

There are now thirty-nine crematories in various parts of the world. Italy has twenty-three, America has ten, while England, Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden have one each. In Italy there were two cremations in 1876; the number rose to fifteen in 1877, and in 1888 the number was 226. Since 1876, 1,177 cremations have taken place in Italy, while the combined numbers from all other countries brings the total only to 1,269.

An Early Riser.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indade, and Oi am sorr. It's a family trait Oi do be thinkin'."

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it? Faix and he roises that early if he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."—Richmond Dispatch.

Naughty, But True.

Young Curate (on a parochial visit)—You go to Sunday-school, little girl?

Little Girl.—Yeth, thir.

Y. C.—I hope that the little girls and boys whom you meet there never do or say anything naughty.

L. G.—Well, thir, Bobby Brown said yesterday that Billy Thomas was a damn fool, but then he ith, you know—Truth.

Information got by galloping through a multitude of books is about as nourishing as the mustard scraped off a sandwich. It may make your tongue "smart," but it won't make you strong.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For a Disordered Liver
Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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FITS STOPPED FREE
Wonderful Success.
Insane Persons Restored.
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. 50 Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O.
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
Trade Mark. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

It has been discovered that the cash boys were very lazy in the time of Job, for he says, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

That tired feeling is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite, rouses the liver, cures headache, and gives renewed strength and vigor to the whole body. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla which is peculiar to itself. Sold by all druggists.

It is calculated by experts that 40,000,000 pounds of fish a day are required to feed the fur seals that the United States want to protect.

You don't have to *take our word* for the good quality of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Just get *one bar* of your grocer, and let it tell you *its own story* next *Monday*, and be governed by that, *good or bad*. Remember *Dobbins' Electric*.

Mushroom is the fashionable shade for gloves, low shoes, and leather goods such as side-bags, coin-purses, and field glass case and belt.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The lace ulster is pining for favor. With Chantilly at its present heights most women will endeavor to find a better investment for $75.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

Gold mounting is now being used on card-cases, pocket and prayer-books, shopping and visiting tablets in lieu of the blackened silver corners.

To Parents—The safest, best and least expensive school for your son is St. George's Hall, St. George's, Md. Prof. J. C. Kinear, A. M. Prin. Circulars on application.

There are more farmers in United States than any other nation possesses.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

Pocket mirrors are rimmed with platinum and backed with enamel work. Occasionally some miniature is displayed.

Fraser Axle Grease.

The Fraser Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

CAUSE OF HIS GRIEF—Lady (to small boy, who is crying)—What is the matter, my little man?

BOY—We were playing ball, and I broke that pane of glass over there.

LADY—Well, I guess the lady will not care much about it.

BOY—'Taint that; the ball went through and she won't give it back.

WANTED PROOF.—Tommy (down in the street)—Oh, pa, put your head out of the window a minute.

Pa (putting his head out of the window) What is it, Tommy?

Tommy—Nothing, except I have got a bet with Johnny Jones that your bald place is bigger than his pa's bald place.

Short man (nervously)—"Did you hear Brown say he owed me a licking?"

"Yes; but that's all right. Brown never pays what he owes."

The men who become suddenly rich remind us of the whales. They no sooner get to the top than they commence blowing.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

A petrified bat was recently discovered by railroad laborers in Arizona.

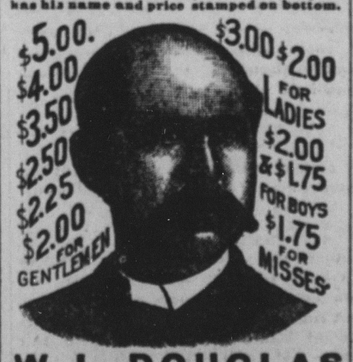
Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Over 500 music leaf turners have been patented in the United States.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cure me." Sold by Druggists. 75c.

There are 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world.

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Send address on postal for valuable information
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Atty, Washington, D. C.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PATENTS E. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

HUMOROUS.

HIS RESIDENCE.—Sentiment and poetry are good in their place, but the best of things are sometimes misapplied. Good rhetoric may be very poor history.

"Where did George Washington live, after he retired from public life?" asked the teacher.

No one seemed to know.

"Was it at Washington or Mount Vernon?" suggested she.

Still there was no reply.

"Come children," she insisted, "Some of you must know."

"I know, teacher!" piped up the smallest scholar. "He lived in the hearts of his countrymen."

IN THE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.—Professor—I again call your attention to the too common use of trite expressions. Mr. Quills, can you not find a fit substitute for the well worn phrase, "he died a natural death?"

Mr. Quills (about to graduate as managing city editorial correspondent-in-chief)—Well sir, I suggest "he died without medical aid." How would that do?

Professor—It is excellent, Mr. Quills.

SHE HAD OUTGROWN IT—A lady who teaches a select school for girls, in looking over the copy book of little Fanny, aged 11, discovered an envelope addressed to that young lady.

"I hope, Fanny," said the teacher, holding up the envelope, "that this does not contain a love letter."

"Why, what an idea," replied Fanny, "I have outgrown all that foolishness years and years ago."

MONEY TALKS—Passenger on far Western railroad)—At what station is the dining car attached to this train?

Conductor—We don't have dining cars on this line. We will stop at Muggs' Crossing for lunch.

"What do they have for lunch usually?"

"Well, you can get a sandwich, or a cup of coffee, or even a piece of pie—all depends on how much money you've got."

RISE AND FALL IN FALSE TEETH.—Pete—The price of everything fluctuates. Now you would think there would not be much change in the price of false teeth, wouldn't you?

Ed—I should think not.

Pete—Well, that's where you are mistaken. I called on a talkative young lady last evening, and I was bewildered at the rapid rise and fall of false teeth.

HOSTESS (to young Spriggins, M. D.)—"Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?" Dr. Spriggins (absent-mindedly)—"Oh—er—let me look at it, please."

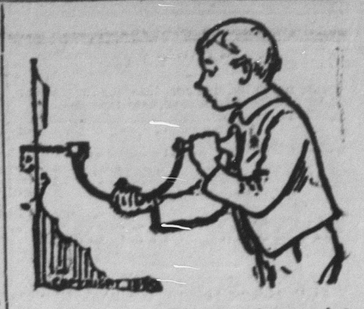
Pure Blood

Is Essential to Health. To Have Pure Blood Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Are the Oldest Family Standard.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, without mercury or other injurious mineral. Safe and sure always. For sale by all Druggists. Full printed directions for using with each package. Dr. Schenck's new book on The Lungs, Liver and Stomach SENT FREE. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.



The turning point in woman's life brings peculiar weaknesses and ailments. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription brings relief and cure. It is a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic and nervine. It imparts strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. "Run-down," debilitated and delicate women need it. It's a legitimate medicine—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CHILDREN
OF CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by mothers for their children while Teething, for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. Employ the old reliable firm.
J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

CANNABIS INDICA,
The Great East India Remedy.
Imported by CRADDOCK & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Is warranted to cure
Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Nasal Catarrh,
And will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. Skeptic, ask your druggist for it. One bottle will satisfy you of its merits. $2.50 per pint bottle, or three bottles, $6.50. Send for circular.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

WM. FITCH & CO.,
102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.
PENSION ATTORNEYS
of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply to Milo B. Stevens & Co.
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Branch Offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief. Price 50 cts. ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE
CELLULOID
MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

"PUNCH" says
Ought to be done?—
—Ought stands for nothing.
The house ought to be cleaned with *Sapolio*. Try a cake in your next house-cleaning and be convinced.

"IGNORANCE of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use SAPOLIO on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of SAPOLIO is to be behind the age.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 4.

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Bargains on clothing.—C. P. Long.

——100 Boy's suits from $1,10 up. C. P Long.

——Esq. Houseman is Adm'r for the estate of Julia Moyer, dec'd.

——Gov. Beaver and wife passed thro our town on Saturday, traveling by carriage.

——Andy Reesman intends exhibiting a fine line of stoves at the picnic, and is already getting them in and set up.

——Squirrel season opened on Monday last. Several of our Nimrods were out but that is all that is heard.

——Reube Spangler cut a deep gash in his hand with a knife that slipped while at work in the slaughter house.

— The timber for the railroad company's new building on the picnic ground arrived on Monday. It is the timber of an old bridge wrecked down in the mountain, by the flood last year.

——Our friend, Mr. S. Woods Caldwell, of the Irving House, Lock Haven, has been nominated by the Democrats of Clinton for Treasurer. Woods is very popular and will poll a full vote.

——Candidates who owe this office for tickets and other work done, within the past few years, will do a good thing by paying up. The promptness of some in this regard shows the appreciative gentleman.

——Rev. S. G. Shannon, of Philadelphia, arrived here at the close of last week, to visit friends, accompanied by Miss Herring, a sister of Mrs. Shannon. Rev. Shannon occupied the Lutheran pulpit last Sabbath, and delivered an able discourse.

——Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Sadie C. Bitner, the daughter of Mr. John B. Bitner, west of town, and Mr. H. Eugene Shadle, at the home of her father, on Wednesday evening, September 10th at half past seven o'clock.

——Mifflintown is stricken with debt again to the amount of $1,200 on account of the keeping of James Ebbs, a pauper by Centre County since 1885. He had been absent from Mifflin for almost a score of years and it is a singular fact that in these years he did not obtain a legal residence elsewhere.

——The child of a Hungarian, who is employed below the Forge, near Tyrone, died Saturday morning, and while waiting on the undertaker the dead body was laid out on one end of the table while the grandfather of the child and several companions were playing cards on the other end of the table.

—J. L. Metzger, a farmer in the lower end of Centre county, who attends the market here left a potato at this office Wednesday morning which measured eight inches in length and six in circumference. It was of the Dunn variety and Mr. M. says he has already brought forty bushels of them to market selling them at a dollar a bushel.—Lock Haven *Democrat*.

——The Garman Opera House, just completed in Bellefonte, will be one of the finest in the state, out side the large cities. It will be a credit to Mr. Garman and to the town. The opening will take place next week, when Bellefonte should show its appreciation of so fine a structure by a very liberal patronage when Frank Mayo appears to cast the first play. We think Bellefonters, always liberal, will give Mr. Garman a rousing send off for his enterprise.

——Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Yarger on Tuesday celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversrry of their marriage. About fifty of their friends gathered at their home at the upper end of town to help them celebrate the event. An elaborate colation was prepared out in the woods of which all partook as though t'were to fill a long felt want. They received many presents, among them being quite a number of Uncle Sam's hard cash. That they may live to celebrate another 25 years was the wish of all.

ANOTHER MURDER.

BELLEFONTE THE SCENE OF A BLOODY CRIME.

Harry Watterhouse Receives a Shot in the Throat From Billy Smith and Dies.

Yesterday Bellefonte was the scene of another murder. Harry Watterhouse, of that town became involved in a quarrel with a hanger-on of Rogers' show which exhibited in that place, named Billy Smith, who pulled a revolver and shot Watterhouse in the neck, from which he died witwin an hour. Smith was arrested and lodged in jail.

BEFORE THE MURDER.

On Wednesday morning Mr. John Ryan, who was present when the shooting occurred, met Smith at the Brockerhoff House and got in conversation with him.

They were there for some time when Harry Watterhouse came along and joined them and later they took a drink together and started down street. On the way down they got into some misunderstanding and Smith and Watterhouse quarreled. Smith became very angry and said that he would "get even with Watterhouse yet." "English George" joined them and they walked over to the depot. It was then near dinner time and they separated. Ryan and Smith met again after dinner and drank somewhat.

They were together until 3 p. m. when they started for the show on the Glass Works meadow. When they got down to Mr. Gerbricks house, opposite the Penna., freight depot, they sat down on the steps for about five minutes and talked over different matters. Smith pulled a large revolver from his coat pocket and showed it to Ryan and made some threats in regard to Watterhouse, also said he had another revolver with him Ryan persuaded him to put the weapon in his pocket and they started again for the show. When halfway between Gerbricks and Isaac Mitchell's house they saw Harry Watterhouse coming towards them. Smith said "there comes that old fellow" and grew angry and abusive towards Watterhouse. A few hot words passed when Smith struck at Watterhouse and he warded off the blow. He struck at him again when Ryan grabbed Smith and tried to hold him. A struggle followed and Ryan threw the man down against the bank where he held him for some time. Smith struggled hard to get loose, saying; "Let me up I want to get my gun."

Ryan finally let go and moved back several steps to avoid him. Watterhouse backed several paces also.

"I'LL SHOOT YOU."

Smith reached for his hip pocket and exclaimed "*You S——n of a B——! I'll shoot you!*" He drew a large revolver, firmly braced his feet, took careful aim at Watterhouse and fired the deadly weapon saying: "There, take that will you."

Watterhouse staggered back a few steps and fell on the walk and never uttered a word after. The aim was sure and the ball did its work. He was shot at about 3 p. m. and lived about three quarters of an hour when life was extinct and he lay a corpse.

After he committed the deed he started on a run for the show ground, having his revolver still in hand which he finally dropped. Officers Garis, Mullen and Foulk started in pursuit of the man. He was caught out near Collins' furnace, at the Hungarian shanties, by Garis, and made no attempt to resist arrest. He was searched and another revolver, with five chambers loaded, was taken from his inside coat pocket. Some $14 were also found in his pockets. He refused to give his name or say anything in regard to the affair. He began to play the "drunk" game and when placed in his cell in the county jail he soon reeled over and pretended to be in a drunken stupor.

The show men deny that he is one of their crowd. Some say he was a fakir and sold jewelry on the regular swindle style.

Dr. Hoy was called but nothing could be done for the dying man. His body was taken in charge by the overseer of the poor and sent out to the poor house. At the direction of Dist. Att'y. Meyer, Drs. Harris and Hayes made a post mortem examination of the wound.

The wound was in the centre of the neck, in front, at about the button hole of the shirt. The ball grazed the top of the breast bone, passed to the right of the windpipe and throat cut one of the large arteries at that point and then penetrated to the spinal column where it caused a slight abrasion of the bone, and was found by Dr. Harris in the chest cavity. The severing of the blood vessel was the immediate cause of death as the chest cavity was found filled with blood.

The two revolvers were 38 calibre and each contains five loaded chambers and an empty shell. The one is a "British Bull Dog" and the other an "American Bull Dog."

A large dirk-knife was found on his person by the officers. When they started after the fellow, he was seen in the act of throwing something into the field. Search being made at that point a silver watch and gold chain were found.

THE MURDERED MAN.

Harry Watterhouse is a moulder by trade and has been about Bellefonte during the past eight years, working in the different foundries He is a single man, about 55 years of age and his home is in Manchester, England. He was of dissipated habits, good natured and never known to be quarrelsome.

A Rather Dubious Story.

The craze for hunting up and publishing accounts of old people has been on ever since the centennial. Centre county has the champion old lady now. She lives in a rustic cabin in Buffalo Run Valley, at the foot of Muncy Mountain, ten miles west of Bellefonte, is named Eliza Stanton, claims to be 115 years old and is happy. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press visited her two weeks since and the Press of Sunday a week gives nearly two columns of an account of the visit. She was the daughter of James Jamison, was born and raised in Lancaster county, married first James Harris, who deserted her after some years, and afterwards making her home at Freedom, (now Logan) near Lewistown, was there married to John Stanton by whom she had three children, the youngest Henderon Stanton, being now 47 years old, while her oldest living child by her first husband, Mrs. Yelletts a widow residing in Tyrone, is 60 years old. According to these figures Mrs. Stanton is 55 years older than her oldest living child Mrs. Yelletts, and 68 years older that her youngest son, Henderson Stanton. Since the days of Abraham and Sarah we have not known of women giving birth to children at such an advanced age. If the Press will send another correspondent to look up the family records it will probably find that the pleasant old lady has made a miscount of about twenty years in calculating her age, at least so remarks the Mt. Union *Times*.

Report of Viewers Filed.

The viewers, Messrs. Simon Harper, Dr. G. W. Hosterman, William Wolfe, Michael Derstine, John Spangler, John Emerick and James C. Boal, appointed by the court at a recent term, to assess amount of damages incurred by the straightening of the Main street leading to the station, filed their report and it was approved. Their report of damages to parties was: J. D. Murray, $48: Miss Emily Alexander, $94,50: Daniel Fleisher $175,50, and George Nearhood, $8.

The council will order the treasurer to pay the parties their amount of damages and Street Commissioner Dauberman will at once proceed to untangle the twist and get the kink out of the street. This street straightening has long been a contention in the boro, and has been the issue at the recent boro elections, and last spring the "straighteners" carried the council. Several of the town lawyers who have more brains under their waist coat than in their heads have now lost their favorite theme of discussion and will have to hustle around for some new subject, or their curb stone court will be adjourned for want of cases.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued durng the past week at the register's office in Bellefonte:

Elmer Sunday and Sarah C. Kustenborder, both of Pennsylvania Furnace.

Geo. P. Ritch and Susanna Baube, both both of Philipsburg Pa.

Wm. H. Gehret and Maggie Wian, both of Bellefonte Pa.

William Weaver, of Farmers Mills, and Jane Lingle, of Booneville, Pa.

Charles M. Wilson and Sophia V. Sanderson, both of Julian, Pa.

John T. Fowler of Fowler, and Elizabeth J. Beck of Warriorsmark, Pa.

Allen O. Hosterman and Ora A. Zerby both of Haines township, Pa.

He was Thirsty.

The Waynsboro *Gazette* says a horrible situation was presented at the John D. Frederic mountain cottage near Pen Mar last week. Mr. and Mrs. F. were in the photograph gallery and the babe had been put to sleep in a swinging cradle under an awning near by. The nurse after a while went to look after the infant, when to her infinite dismay she discovered a huge black snake coiled up in the foot of the cradle, The milk bottle was lying empty with the nipple part turned toward his snakeship. At the approach of the nurse the reptile piled out and took to the thicket, where John D. brought his depredations to a sudden and violent end.

Got Shot Himself.

Fiedler was out squirrel hunting on Monday, and instead of shooting squirrels he was so badly shot himself, that on going up Bishop street he was more of an amusing sight than the show on Wednesday. One of those guns that was not loaded no doubt went off, and hit Jimmy in the breadbasket and affected his equilebrio. He evidently had the muzzle of his gun turned toward himself instead of towards the squirrel he aimed for. The gun must have had a heavy load as Fiedler seemed to have a big charge in him.

——The family of Philip Auman, about 2 miles east of this, are greatly afflicted —his wife and two sons being down with typhoid fever. Mrs. Auman had her first attack about four weeks ago. Mrs. Auman, we regret to learn has died since the above was written. Death came to her relief on Sabbath last. She was a daughter of Samuel Harter, of Georges valley, and a very estimable wife and mother. She was a fervent member of the Lutheran church. Her remains were taken to the Cross church cemetery, in Georges valley, for burial, on Tuesday, followed by many friends Rev. Fischer officiating.

A 50 YEARS' MINISTRY.

Rev. Dr. Hamill's Long Service as a Divine.

Fifty years of uninterrupted service in the cause of the Master is the registry in God's book of the faithful where the name of the much esteemed Dr. Hamill, of Oak Hall, is found. This is a long service in the vineyard, but when we met our esteemed ministerial friend the other day, he seemed to us so fresh and vigorous, and fluent in conversation that we thought he was good enough for another decade, altho bordering on the 80ties.

In the coming October it will be 45 years since Dr. Hamill became pastor of the Centre Hill Presbyterian charge, and he has continued in the same field since, save that a few years ago Centre Hill was transferred to a newly erected charge—the balance remaining and now constituting the Lemont charge. Dr. Hamill served in other fields for five years previous to his coming here, and this next October makes up his 50 years in the ministry.

To preach 45 years in one place, and hold the love and esteem of his flock as well as the respect of all outside of his church, is one of the jewels in the life of Dr. Hamill and few ministers can match it. But, a more shining jewel still is this, that Dr. Hamill's labors and life are those of an earnest, pure, sincere christian. He has preached the Word with power and effect, and with a depth of thought that made him widely known as an able expounder of the scriptures. In his social relations he was ever pleasant and entertaining, and his advanced age—which he does not at all betray—has not in the least worn off his genial qualities.

Apropos to the above, we might mention, three weeks ago Dr. Hamill, drove to this place bringing with him Mr. Lyon, M. D., of Pittsburg, (a brother of the well-known iron master Stewart Lyon,) who was born on the Hoffer homestead, adjoining our village. The mansion house was erected by the father of Dr. and Stewart Lyon, Mr. Lyon left here sixty years ago, and while on a visit to the county, Dr. Hamill treated him to a drive to the place of his birth, which he had not seen for 60 years. Dr. Lyon entered the house and the rooms seemed familiar to him, as well as other points about the exterior of the premises, and remembering the old spring he was anxious to quaff from it once again, and found its waters the same as ovor half a century ago. A short stay gave Mr. Lyon an idea of the changes wrought in this vicinity in 60 years, and he returned with Dr. Hamill with great satisfaction over a visit to the place of his birth after an interval of 60 years.

A Parson on Trial.

Rev. W. L. Hayden, pastor of the Disciples' church, of Bellefonte, was tried Thursday on the charge of disturbing a religious meeting held in the Disciple's at Howard, on August 10. The trial church was the culmination of a bitter factional feud that has been waged in the Howard church for years. Rev. Mr. Hayden is an evangelist and supervisor of all the churches of this district. On August 10, as the witnesses for the defense testified, he went to Howard to read a paper to the Disciples' congregation there with the purpose of smoothing over the difficulties. One faction would not allow him to read the paper, threatening to throw him out of the church, and by loud singing, drowning out his voice. At the close of the communion service on that morning the opposing faction secured a constable and had the preacher arrested on the charge above stated.

The witnesses for the commonwealth swore that Hayden had been notified of a resolution passed that he should not preach or appear even in their church, and that he had entered the church on August 10 with Sheriff Cook with the purpose of causing a disturbance.

Judge Furst in his charge said Mr. Hayden could not be convicted on the evidence produced, and that the whole question was reduced to a matter of costs.

Rev. Hayden was acquited by the jury.

Veteran Club Picnic.

The Veteran Club of Centre county picnic to be held at Philipsburg on Saturday September 6, 1890, promises to be the largest and best ever held by the club. D. F. Fortney, Esq. of Bellefonte, will deliver the annual address. Mr. Fortney as a public speaker is widely known, and all who have ever had the pleasure of hearing him talk on occasions of this kind will be pleased to hear again. Other eminent speakers such as the Hon. James Kerr, M. C., of Washington, D. C.; our Ex-War Governor Hon. A. G. Curtin; W. R. McClaughry, of Huntingdon, Pa, and others have been invited and are expected to be present and address the meeting. Governor James A. Beaver, President of the club, will be present on this occasion and talk to the old boys.

The Republicans of our county had made up their minds to throw all their effort to defeat Ishler and elect Wolfe sheriff, and started several slanders against Ishler which fell still-born, as they were full of Sunbury tangle-foot whisky. They are now beginning to concede the election of Ishler and think of defeating one of our nominees for commissioner and elect two of their men, then the Gazette would continue to plunder the county in printing jobs, and spend the people's taxes for grog.

——Light frosts on Monday morning.

——90 Men's suits from $4,00 up. C. P Long.

——Elderberries are trump—reason, there are scarce any others.

——Penns valley Bargain Store, for Clothing, Boots and Shoes &c., &c. C. P. Long.

——Some farmers did their sowing last week already—might not the fly catch it so early?

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 20 cents cash. Reader, can't you send us a few names?

——David Runkle shipped a car load of cattle from this station last week to eastern markets.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

— Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch always leads.

——Saturday night the dead body of Frank DeVictor, a resident of Wayne township, Clinton county, was found on the track of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, at Ferguson's crossing. His skull was crushed and it is thought he was struck by fast line. A wife and four children survive him.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

If you feel depressed, your appetite is poor and you are troubled with Dizziness of the head Biliousness or Dyspepsia, Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator will cure you. Trial size bottles free.

A well known physician in New York advises all his patients that suffer with Coughs and colds to use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. MURRAY'S Drug Store.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc, I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me. Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices*. Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,

R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

FOR SALE.—2 good mules, wagon and harness, all in very good condition. Inquire of JAS. LESHER, CENTRE HALL.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—2 story frame house stable, at the station, apply to F. KURTZ tf

LOST.—IN THE VICINITY OF POTTERS Mills, a pocket book, containing a $5 bill and some small change. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it with RUB. MEYERS, Centre Hall,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Julia Moyer, dec'd, of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. S. HOUSEMAN, Adm'r,
2sept6t Tusseyville.

FARM FOR SALE.—THE FARM BELONGing to the late Jonathan Spangler, dec'd., will be offered at public sale on

o——o WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1890. o——o

in Miles township, two miles east of Rebersburg, containing 111 acres of excellent farming land and 31 acres of good timber land. Thereon a

—— GOOD HOUSE, BANK BARN ——

and other outbuildings. The farm is well located and in a high state of cultivation.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE—PURSUant to an order of the Court of Centre Co. there will be exposed at Public sale, on

o——o FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890 o——o

At 1 o'clock, on the premises, about 3 miles south east of Linden Hall R. R. station and 4 miles south-west of Centre Hall, the fine farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd., late of Potter Twp., Centre Co., bounded on the east by lands of John and Jacob Wagner and John Spangler, on the west by John Bitner, on the north by Josiah Neff's heirs, on the south by Tussey Mountain, containing

)——(199 ACRES AND 81 PERCHES. (——(

About 150 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Rock oak and Chestnut. The buildings consist of a good 2 story

)—(FRAME HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN,)—(

painted, good wash-house. Commodious wagon shed with corn crib, good pig pen, and all necessary out buildings. Running water at house, barn and in wash-house, and a never failing well near the house. Also a good orchard with all kinds of choice fruits. The farm is desirable one the punlic road leading by the buildings.

TERMS.—⅓ the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale. ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Deferred payments to bear interest from date of confirmation of sale.

W. W. SPANGLER,
Potters Mills, Pa,

FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS TWO SEATED carriage, just out of the shop, price $145,00. Also a very fine driving horse, only 5 years old. Works single or double, a very good family horse; any woman can drive him. Call on or address.
E. H. AUMAN,
Coburn, Pa.

:0:

DON'T fail to come to the opening of the new Opera House, to see Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett," Sept. 11th, and "Nordeck," Sept. 12. The chance of a life time to see the great actor.

In dress goods, late arrivals, serges and henriettas in electro blue, heliotropes, brown, old rose, greens and blacks.

New striped flannels. Our stock of plain red and white flannels never was as complete as now. Two pieces of handsomely embroideried flannel.

A regular 10c black stocking for ladies for 5c a pair.

More of those heavy 6c. gingham. 5c. a yard for a good yellow muslin.

The heaviest, finest and best napped Canton flannel for 10c. per yard in the world.

Silk velvet ordered in heliotrope, cardinal, garnet, greer and all the late shades.

1½ yd. wide navy blue, black and cardinal cloth, 50c.

½ wool, 1½ yds. wide tricot in two colors, at 28c. Examine them.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:0:

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct31y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John Wagner, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
S. J. WAGNER.
W. A. WAGNER,
14 Aug. 6t Adm'r Tusseyville

Produce at Stores.

Butter	16
Eggs	16
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	70

SALESMEN WANTED —AT ONCE.—

To sell our Choice Nursery Stock. Salary or commission and steady work for earnest workers.
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1840. 14aug3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Mary Royer, dec'd., late of Gregg twp., having deen granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN EMERICK, Centre Hall,
DAVID KRAPE, Aaronsburg,
7Aug. 6t Executers.

New Furniture Store!

New goods. Low prices. All goods delivered free. We invite you to come and see our new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. We keey everything usually kept in a first-class furniture store.

UNDERTAKING.

The highest method of preparing the dead has been attained and my course in this branch has been completed. My hearse and horses are among the finest in the state. Carry in stock a complete line, from the cheapest coffins to the finest caskets, and burial robes, etc., and I guarantee that my prices are the lowest in the county. No extra charge for embalming or distance.

W. R. Camp. - Centre Hall.